1607/5871.

THE MODERN HUSBAND.

Robt A Montgomery

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the Brandrim

THEATRE-ROYAL

Robt IN Montgomery

DRURY-LANE.

August 2 1779

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

(day after Mrs Jenny Collegn

Written by *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;

Hæc ego non credam Venusinâ digna Lucernâ?
Hæc ego non agitem?——
Cùm Leno accipiat Mœchi bona, si capiendi
Jus nullum Uxori, doctus spectare Lacunar,
Doctus & ad Calicem vigilanti stertere Naso. Juv. Sat. 1.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For G. RISK at the *Shakespear's* Head, G. EWING at the *Angel* and *Bible*, and W. SMITH at the *Hercules*, Booksellers in *Dame's-street*, MDCCXXXII.

BL

To the Right Honourable

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

Knight of the moſt Noble ORDER *of the* GARTER.

SIR,

WHILE the Peace of *Europe*, and the Lives and Fortunes of ſo great a Part of Mankind, depend on your Counſels, it may be thought an Offence againſt the publick Good to divert, by Trifles of this Nature, any of thoſe Moments, which are ſo ſacred to the Welfare of our Country.

But however ridicul'd or exploded the Muſes may be, in an Age when their greateſt Favourites are liable to the Cenſure and Correction of every Boy or Idiot, who ſhall have it in his power to ſatisfy the Wantonneſs of an evil Heart, at the Expence of the Reputation and Intereſt of the beſt Poet, yet has this Science been eſteemed, honoured, protected, and often profeſſed by the greateſt Perſons of Antiquity. Nations and the Muſes have generally enjoyed the ſame Protectors.

The Reaſon of this is obvious: As the beſt Poets have owed their reward to the greateſt Heroes and

Stateſmen of their Times, ſo thoſe Heroes have owed to the Poet that Poſthumous Reputation, which is generally the only Reward that attends the greateſt Actions. By them the Great and Good blaze out to Poſterity, and triumph over the little Malice and Envy which once purſued them.

Protect therefore, Sir, an Art from which You may promiſe Yourſelf ſuch notable Advantages; when the little Artifices of Your Enemies, which You have ſurmounted, ſhall be forgotten, when Envy ſhall ceaſe to miſrepreſent Your Actions, and Ignorance to miſapprehend them. The Muſes ſhall remember their Protector, and the wiſe Stateſman the generous Patron, the ſtedfaſt Friend, and the true Patriot; but above all that Humanity and Sweetneſs of Temper, which ſhine thro' all your Actions, ſhall render the Name of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE dear to his no longer ungrateful Country.

That Succeſs may attend all Your Counſels; that You may continue to preſerve us from our Enemies Abroad, and to triumph over Your Enemies at Home, is the ſincere Wiſh of,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

Moſt obedient humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

Montgomery

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

IN early Youth, our Author *firſt begun,*
To Combat with the Follies *of the* Town;
Her want of Art, his unskill'd Muſe *bewail'd,*
And where his Fancy *pleas'd, his* Judgment *fail'd.*
Hence, your nice Taſtes he ſtrove to entertain,
With unſhap'd Monſters of a wanton Brain!
He taught Tom Thumb *ſtrange Victories to boaſt,*
Slew Heaps of Giants, and then — kill'd a Ghoſt!
To Rules, or Reaſon, ſcorn'd the dull Pretence,
And fought your Champion, *'gainſt the Cauſe of Senſe!*
At length, repenting Frolick Flights of Youth,
Once more he flies to Nature, and to Truth:
In Virtue's juſt Defence, aſpires to Fame,
And courts Applauſe without the Applauder's Shame!
Impartial let your Praiſe, *or* Cenſure *flow,*
For, as he brings no Friend, *he hopes to find* no Foe.
His Muſe *in Schools too unpolite was bred,*
To apprehend each Critick — *that can Read:*
For, ſure, no Man's Capacity's leſs ample
Becauſe he's been at Oxford *or the* Temple!
He ſhews but little Judgment, or diſcerning,
Who thinks Taſte baniſh'd from the Seats of Learning.
Nor is leſs falſe, or ſcandalous th' Aſperſion,
That ſuch will ever damn their own Diverſion.
But, Poets damn'd, *like* Thieves *convicted, act,*
Rail at their Jury, *and deny the Fact!*
To Night (yet Strangers to the Scene) you'll view,
A Pair of Monſters moſt entirely new!

Two Characters ſcarce ever found in Life,
A willing Cuckold——*ſells his* willing Wife!
But, from whatever Clime the Creatures come,
Condemn 'em not——becauſe not found at home:
If then, true Nature in his Scenes you trace,
Not Scenes, that Comedy *to* Farce *debaſe;*
If Modern Vice *deteſtable be ſhewn,*
And vicious, as it is, he draws the Town;
Tho' no loud Laugh applaud the ſerious Page,
Reſtore the ſinking Honour of the Stage!
The Stage which was not for low Farce deſign'd,
But to divert, inſtruct, *and* mend *Mankind.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *HERON.*

AS Malefactors, on their dying Day,
Have always ſomething, at the Tree, to ſay;
So I, before to Exile I go down,
With my hard hapleſs Fate would warn the Town.
Fatal Quadrille! *Fly! Fly the tempting Evil!*
For when our laſt Stake's loſt, 'tis ſure the Devil!
With curſt Quadrille *avoid my fatal Shame,*
Or if you can't——at leaſt——play all the Game
Of ſpotleſs Fame, be chary as your Lives!
Keep wide of Proof, and you're the beſt of Wives!
Husbands moſt Faults, not publick made, connive at;
The Trip's a Trifle——when the Frailty's private.
What can a Poet hope, then, that reveals 'em?
The Fair might like the Play, whoſe Plot conceals 'em?

For

For who would favour Plays to be thus us'd,
None ever were by Operas *abus'd!*
Or could they warble Scandal out at random,
Where were the Harm, while none could underſtand 'em?
But I no more muſt hear thoſe melting Strains
Condemn'd, alas! to Woods and lonely Plains!
Gay Maſquerades, now, turn'd to Country-Fairs,
And croaking Rooks ſupply ſoft Eunuch Airs.
No Ring, no Mall—no Rat, tat, tat, at Doors;
And, O hard Fate! for dear Quadrille—All—Fours.
No more new Plays! but that's a ſmall Offence,
Your Taſte will ſhortly baniſh them from hence.
Yet ere I part, methinks, it were to wrong you,
Not to bequeath ſome Legacies among you.
My Reputation, I for Prudes intend,
In hopes their Strictneſs what's amiſs will mend.
My young Gallants, let ancient Maidens kill,
And take my Husband——any Soul that will!
Our Author to the ſpotleſs Fair I give,
For his chaſte Wife to grant him a Reprieve:
Whatever Faults to me may be imputed,
In her you view your Virtues unpolluted.
In her ſweet Mind, even Age and wandring Youth
Muſt own the Tranſports of Connubial Truth:
Thus each Extreme is for Inſtruction meant,
And ever was the Stage's true Intent,
To give Reward to Virtue, Vice its Puniſhment.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lord *Richly.*		Mr. *Cibber.*
Mr. *Bellamant.*		Mr. *Wilks.*
Cap. *Bellamant.*		Mr. *Cibber*, Jun.
Mr. *Gaywit.*		Mr. *Mills*, Jun.
Mr. *Modern.*		Mr. *Bridgewater.*
Lord *Lazy.*		Mr. *Boman.*
Col. *Courtly.*	*Perſons who attend* L. Richly's *Levee.*	Mr. *Hallam*, Jun.
Mr. *Woodall.*		Mr. *Harper.*
Cap. *Merit.*		Mr. *Paget.*
Cap. *Bravemore.*		Mr. *Watſon.*
John, Servant to *Modern.*		Mr. *Berry.*
Porter to Lord *Richly.*		Mr. *Mullart.*

WOMEN.

Lady *Charlotte Gaywit.*	Mrs. *Cibber.*
Mrs. *Bellamant.*	Mrs. *Horton.*
Mrs. *Modern.*	Mrs. *Heron.*
Emilia.	Mrs. *Butler.*
Lately.	Mrs. *Chark.*

SCENE *LONDON.*

THE

THE

Modern Husband.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mrs.* Modern's *House.*

Mrs. Modern *at her Toilet:* Lately *attending.*

Mrs. MODERN.

LUD! this Creature is longer in ſticking a Pin, than ſome People are in dreſſing a Head. Will you never have done fumbling?

Lately. There, Maam, your Ladyſhip is dreſt.

Mrs. *Modern.* Dreſt! ay, moſt frightfully dreſt, I am ſure——If it were not too late, I wou'd begin it all again. This Gown is wretchedly made, and does not become me——when was *Trickſy* here?

Lately. Yeſterday, Maam, with her Bill.

Mrs. *Modern.* How! her Bill already?

Lately. She ſays, Maam, your Ladyſhip bid her bring it.

Mrs. *Modern.* Ay, to be ſure, ſhe'll not fail to remember that.

Lately. She ſays too, Maam, that ſhe's in great Diſtreſs for her Money.

Mrs. *Modern.* Oh, no doubt of that, I do not know any one who is not.

Lately. What ſhall I do, Maam, when ſhe comes again?

Mrs. *Modern.* You muſt——you muſt ſend her away again, I think.

Lately. Yes, Maam, but——

Mrs. *Modern.* But—— but what? don't trouble me with your Impertinence, I have other things to think on ——— Bills! Bills! Bills! I wonder, there are no Laws againſt Duns in a civiliz'd Nation. (*Knocking at the Door.*) Come in.

SCENE II.

To them Footman.

Foot. My Lady *Ever-play*, Madam, gives her humble Service to you, and deſires your Ladyſhip's Company To-morrow Se'nnight to make a Party at *Quadrille* with my Lady *Loſe-all*, and Mrs. *Baneſpouſe*.

Mrs. *Modern.* *Lately*, bring the *Quadrille* Book hither, ſee whether I am engag'd.

Lately. Here it is, Maam.

Mrs. *Modern.* Run over the Engagements.

Lately. *Monday*, *February* 5. at Mrs. *Squabble's*; *Tueſday*, at Mrs. *Witleſs's*; *Wedneſday*, at Lady *Matadore's*; *Thurſday*, at Mrs. *Fiddle-Faddle's*; *Friday*, at Mrs. *Ruin's*; *Saturday*, at Lady *Triſle's*; *Sunday*, at Lady *Barbara Pawnjewels*.

Mrs. *Modern.* What is the Wench doing?—— ſee for how long I am engag'd——— at this rate you will not have done this Hour.

Lately. Maam, your Ladyſhip is engag'd ev'ry Night till *Thurſday* three Weeks.

Mrs. *Modern.* My Service to Lady *Ever-play*, I have Parties ev'ry Night till *Thurſday* three Weeks, and then I ſhall be very glad if ſhe will get two more at my Houſe

—and

——and——*Tom*——take the Roll of Viſits, and go with my Chair to pay them, but remember not to call at Mrs. *Worthy*'s,

SCENE III.

Mrs. Modern, Lately.

I intend to leave off her Acquaintance, for I never ſee any People of Faſhion at her Houſe; which, indeed, I do not wonder at, for the Wretch is hardly ever to be found without her Husband. And truly, I think, ſhe is not fit Company for any other. Did you ever ſee any one dreſs like her, *Lately*?

Lately. Oh, frightful! I have wonder'd how your Laſhip cou'd endure her ſo long.

Mrs. *Modern*. Why, ſhe plays at *Quadrille* worſe than ſhe dreſſes, and one wou'd endure a great deal in a Perſon who loſes her Money.

Lately. Nay, now I wonder that your Laſhip has left her off at all.

Mrs. *Modern*. Truly, becauſe ſhe has left off Play; and now ſhe rails at Cards for the ſame Reaſon, as ſome Women do at Gallantry——from ill Succeſs.——Poor Creatures! how ignorant they are, that all their railing is only a loud Proclamation, that they have loſt their Money, or a Lover!

Lately. They may rail as long as they pleaſe, Maam, they will never be able to expel thoſe two Pleaſures out of the World.

Mrs. *Modern*. Ah, *Lately!* I hope, I ſhall be expell'd out of the World firſt. Thoſe *Quadrille* Rings of mine are worth more Money, than four of the beſt Brilliants ——There is more Conjuration in theſe dear Circles; (*Shews a Ring.*) Theſe Spades, Hearts, Clubs and Diamonds. Heark, I hear my Husband coming, go you down Stairs. (*Exit* Lately.) Husband, did I ſay? Sure, the Wretch, who ſells his Wife, deſerves another Name; but I muſt be civil to him while I deſpiſe him.

SCENE IV.

Mr. Modern, *Mrs.* Modern.

Mrs. *Modern*. My Dear, Good-morrow.

Mr. *Modern*. I hope you ſlept well laſt Night, Madam; that is, I hope, you had good Succeſs at Cards.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Modern.* Very indifferent. I had won a conſiderable Sum if it had not been for a curſed *Sans-prendre-vole*, that ſwept the whole Table. That Lady *Weldon* has ſuch Luck, if I were ſuperſtitious, I ſhou'd forſwear playing with her ——— for I never play'd with her, but I cheated, nor ever play'd with her, but I loſt.

Mr. *Modern.* Then without being very ſuperſtitious, I think, you may ſuſpect that ſhe cheats too.

Mrs. *Modern.* Did I not know the other Company; ——— for the very worſt of *Quadrille* is, one cannot cheat without a Partner. The Diviſion of a Booty gives one more Pain, than the winning it can Pleaſure——— I am to make up Accounts to-morrow with Mrs. *Sharpring*———but where to get the Money, I know not, unleſs you have it, Child.

Mr. *Modern.* I have it! I wanted to borrow ſome of you; unleſs you can raiſe me 500 Pounds by to morrow Night, I ſhall be in a fair way to go to Jail the next Morning.

Mrs. *Modern.* If the whole Happineſs of my Life depended on it, I cou'd not get the tenth part.

Mr. *Modern.* You do not manage Lord *Richly* right: Men will give any thing to a Woman they are fond of.

Mrs. *Modern.* But not to a Woman whom they were fond of—— The Decay of Lord *Richly*'s Paſſion is too apparent for you not to have obſerv'd it. He viſits me ſeldom, and I am afraid, ſhou'd I ask a Favour of him, it might break off our Acquaintance.

Mr. *Modern.* Then I ſee no reaſon for your Acquaintance; he dances no longer at my Houſe, if he will not pay the Muſick——But hold, I have a Thought come into my Head, may oblige him to it, and make better Muſick for us than you imagine.

Mrs. *Modern.* What is it?

Mr. *Modern.* Suppoſe I procur'd Witneſſes of his Familiarity with you——— I ſhou'd recover ſwinging Damages.

Mrs. *Modern.* But then my Reputation———

Mr. *Modern.* Pooh, you will have enough to gild it; never fear your Reputation, while you are rich———

for-

for Gold in this World covers as many Sins, as Charity in the next. So that get a great deal, and give away a little, and you ſecure your Happineſs in both. Beſides, in this Caſe, all the Scandal falls on the Husband.

Mrs. *Modern*, Oh no! I ſhall be no more viſited—— Farewel, dear *Quadrille*; dear, dear, *Sans-prendre-vole*, and *Mavadores*.

Mr. *Modern*. You will be forc'd to quit theſe Pleaſures otherwiſe, for your Companions in 'em will quit you the very Moment they apprehend our ſinking Fortune. You will find that Wealth has a ſurer Intereſt to introduce Roguery into Company, than Virtue to introduce Poverty.

Mrs. *Modern*. You will never perſuade me: my Reputation is dearer to me than my Life.

Mr. *Modern*. Very ſtrange, that a Woman who made ſo little Scruple of ſacrificing the Subſtance of her Virtue, ſhou'd make ſo much of parting with the Shadow of it.

Mrs. *Modern*. 'Tis the Shadow only that is valuable——— Reputation is the Soul of Virtue.

Mr. *Modern*. So far indeed, that it ſurvives long after the Body is dead. Tho' to me, Virtue has appeared nothing more than a Sound, and Reputation is its Echo. Is there not more Charm in the Chink of a thouſand Guineas, than in ten thouſand Praiſes? But what need more Arguments, as I have been contented to wear Horns for your Pleaſure, it is but reaſonable, you ſhou'd let me ſhow 'em for my Profit.

Mrs. *Modern*. If my Pleaſures, Mr. *Modern*, had been your only Inducement, you wou'd have acted another Part. How have you maintain'd your Figure in the World ſince your Loſſes in the *South-Sea*, and others? and do you upbraid me with the Crimes which you your ſelf have licens'd——— have liv'd by?

Mr. *Modern*. Had I follow'd my own Inclinations, I had retir'd; and inſtead of ſupporting theſe Extravagances by ſuch Methods, had reduc'd my Pleaſures to my Fortune. 'Twas you, Madam, who by your unbridl'd Pride, and Vanity run me into Debt, and then—— I gave up your Perſon to ſecure my own.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Modern.* Ha! have I ſecur'd thy worthleſs Perſon at the Expence of mine? no, Wretch, 'tis at the Price of thy Shame, I have purchas'd Pleaſures. Why, why do I ſay thy Shame? the mean, the groveling Animal, whom any fear cou'd force to render up the Honour of his Wife, muſt be above the fear of Shame. Did I not come unblemiſht to thee? Was not my Life unſpotted as my Fame, 'till at thy baſe Intreaties I gave up my Innocence?——— Oh! that I had ſooner ſeen thee ſtarve in Priſon, which yet I will, e're thou ſhalt reap the Fruits of my Misfortunes. No, I will publiſh thy Diſhonour to the World.

Mr. *Modern.* Nay, but, my Dear.

Mrs. *Modern.* Deſpicable Monſter!

Mr. *Modern.* But, Child, hearken to Reaſon.

Mrs. *Modern* Never, never.

Mr. *Modern.* I own my ſelf in the wrong. I ask ten thouſand Pardons. I will ſubmit to any Puniſhment.

Mrs. *Modern.* To upbraid me with———

Mr. *Modern.* My Dear, I am in the wrong, I ſay: I never will be guilty of the like again. Sure the Grand-Seignior has no Slave equal to a contented Cuckold.

Mrs. *Modern.* Leave me a while, perhaps, I may come to my ſelf.

Mr. *Modern,* My Dear, I am obedient. (*Exit,*

SCENE V.

Mrs. Modern *alone.*

Mrs. *Modern.* What ſhall I do? Money muſt be rais'd ———but how? Is there on Earth a Perſon that wou'd lend me twenty Guineas! I have loſt *Gaywit*'s Heart too long to expect any thing there, nor wou'd my Love ever ſuffer me to ask him. Ha! *Bellamant,* perhaps may do it: he is generous, and I believe, he loves me. I will try him, however———What wretched Shifts are they oblig'd to make uſe of, who wou'd ſupport the Appearance of a Fortune which they have not!

(*Exit,*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The Street before Lord Richly's *Door.*

Cap. Merit.

Cap. *Merit.* That is the Door I muſt attack, and I have attackt a City with leſs Reluctance. There is more Hardſhip in one Hour's baſe Sollicitation at a Levée, than in a whole Campaign.

SCENE VII.

Cap. Merit, Porter.

Cap. *Merit.* Does my Lord *Richly* ſee Company this Morning?

Porter. Sir, I cannot tell yet, whether he does or no.

Cap. *Merit.* Nay, I have ſeen ſeveral Gentlemen go in.

Porter. I know not whom you may ſee go in. I ſuppoſe, they have Buſineſs with his Lordſhip. I hope, you will give my Lord leave to be at home to whom he pleaſes.

Cap. *Merit.* If Buſineſs be a Paſsport to his Lordſhip, I have Buſineſs with him of Conſequence.

Porter. Sir, I ſhall tell him of it.

Cap. *Merit.* Sir, I ſhall be oblig'd to you, to tell him now.

Porter. I cannot carry any Meſſage now, unleſs I knew you.

Cap. *Merit.* Why, don't you know me? that my Name is *Merit.*

Porter. Sir, here are ſo many Gentlemen come ev'ry Day, that unleſs I have often new Tokens to remember 'em by, it is impoſſible——Stand by there, room for my Lord *Lazy.* (*Lord* Lazy *croſſes in a Chair.*

SCENE VIII.

Cap. Merit, *Cap.* Bravemore, *from the Houſe.*

Cap. *Brave. Merit,* Good-morrow; what important Affair can have ſent you hither, whom I know to ſhun the Houſes of the Great, as much as Virtue does?

Cap. *Merit.* Or as much as they do Poverty, for I have not been able to advance farther than you ſee me. 'Sdeath, I have mounted a Breach againſt an armed File of the Enemy, and yet a ſingle Porter has deny'd

me

me Entrance at that Door. You, I ſee, have ſpeeded better.

Cap. *Brave.* Ha! ha! ha! thou errant Man of War ——hark'ye, Friend, there is but one Key to all the great Mens Houſes in Town.

Cap. *Merit.* Is it not enough to cringe to Pow'r, but we muſt do the ſame to the Servants of Pow'r?

Cap. *Brave.* Sir, the Servants of a great Man are all great Men. Would you get within their Doors, you muſt bow to the Porter, and fee him too. Then to go farther, you muſt pay your Devoirs to his Gentleman; and after you have bowed for about half an Hour to his whole Family, at laſt you may get a Bow from himſelf.

Cap. *Merit.* Damnation! I'd ſooner be a Galley Slave; ſhall I, who have ſpent my Youth and Health in my Country's Service, be forc'd by ſuch mean Vaſſalage to defend my old Age from Cold and Hunger, while ev'ry painted Butterfly wantons in the Sunſhine? (*Cbl.* Courtly *croſſes.*) 'Sdeath, there's a Fellow now——that Fellow's Father was a Pimp; his Mother, ſhe turn'd Bawd; and his Siſter, turn'd Whore; you ſee the Conſequence: How happy is that Country, where pimping and whoring are eſteemed publick Services, and where Grandeur, and the Gallows lie on the ſame Road!

Cap. *Brave.* But leaving off railing, what is your Buſineſs with his Lordſhip?

Cap. *Merit.* There is a Company vacant in Colonel *Favourite's* Regiment, which by his Lordſhip's Intereſt I hope to gain.

Cap. *Brave.* But pray, by what do you hope to gain his Lordſhip's Intereſt?

Cap. *Merit.* You know, *Bravemore,* I am little inclin'd to boaſting; but I think, my Services may ſpeak ſomething for me.

Cap. *Brave.* Faith, I'm afraid you will find 'em dumb; or if they do ſpeak, it will be a Language not underſtood by the Great; but the Levee is begun by this: if you pleaſe, I'll introduce you to't.

Cap. *Merit.* What an abundance of poor Wretches go to the feeding the Vanity of that Leviathan one great Rogue.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Lord Richly *at his House.*

L. *Richly.* Ha! ha! ha—— agreeable! *Courtly,* thou art the greateſt Droll upon Earth——you'll dine with me——Lord *Lazy,* will you make me happy too?

L. *Lazy.* I'll make my ſelf ſo, my Lord.

L. *Richly.* Mr. *Woodall,* your Servant, how long have you been in Town?

Woodall. I cannot be particular, I carry no Almanack about me, my Lord, a Week or a Fortnight perhaps, too much time to loſe at this Seaſon, when a Man ſhou'd be driving the Foxes out of his Country.

Col. *Courtly.* I hope, you have brought your Family to Town; a Parliament-man ſhou'd always bring his Wife with him, that if he does not ſerve the Publick, ſhe may.

L. *Richly.* Now I think Familiarity with the Wife of a Senator ſhou'd be made a Breach of Privilege.

Col. *Courtly.* Your Lordſhip is in the right——the Perſon of his Wife ſhou'd be made as ſacred as his own.

Woodall. Ay, the Women wou'd thank us damnably for ſuch a Vote——and the Colonel here is a very likely Man to move it.

Col. *Courtly.* Not I, for the Women then wou'd be as backward to be our Wives, as the Tradeſmen are now to be our Creditors.

Woodall. The fine Gentlemen of us, who lay out their ſmall Fortunes in Extravagance, and their ſlender Stock of Love on their Wenches. I remember the time, when I was a young Fellow, that Men us'd to dreſs like Men: But now I meet with nothing but a Parcel of Toupet Coxcombs, who plaiſter up their Brains upon their Periwigs.

L. *Richly.* I proteſt thou art an errant Wit, *Woodall.*

Col. *Courtly.* Oh, he's one of the greateſt Wits of his Country.

Woodall. I have one of the greateſt Eſtates of my County, and by what I can ſee, that entitles a Man to Wit here, as well as there.

Cap.

Cap. *Merit.* Methinks, this rough Spark is very free with his Lordſhip. (*To* Bravemore.

Cap. *Brave.* You muſt know, this is a ſort of polite Bear-baiting. There is hardly a great Man in Town but what is fond of theſe ſort of Fellows; whom they take a delight in baiting with one or more Buffoons. But now for your Buſineſs.

L. *Richly.* I ſhall ſee him this Morning; you may depend on my ſpeaking about it. Captain *Bravemore*, I am glad to ſee you. (*To a Gentleman.*

Cap. *Brave.* My Lord, here is a Gentleman of diſtinguiſh'd Services. If your Lordſhip wou'd recommend him to Colonel *Favourite.*

L. *Richly.* Sir, I ſhall certainly do it.

Cap. *Merit.* There being a Company vacant, my Lord—— my Name is *Merit.*

L. *Richly.* Mr. *Merit*, I ſhall be extremely glad to ſerve you. Sir *John*, your moſt obedient humble Servant——*Lazy*, what were you ſaying about Mr. *Bellamant?*

L. *Lazy.* We were talking, my Lord, of his Affair, which was heard in our Houſe yeſterday.

L. *Richly.* I am ſorry I was not there. It went againſt him, I think.

L. *Lazy.* Yes, my Lord, and I am afraid it affects him deeply.

Col. *Courtly.* Undone, Sir, quite undone.

L. *Richly.* Upon my Soul, Mrs. *Bellamant*'s a fine Woman.

Woodall. Then I ſuppoſe, if her Husband's undone, you'll have her among you.

L. *Richly.* *Woodall*, thou'rt a Liquoriſh Dog. Thou woud'ſt have the firſt Snap.

Woodall. Not I, none of your Town Ladies for me; I always take leave of Women from the time I come out of the Country till I go back agen.

L. *Lazy.* Women! Pox on him! he means Foxes agen.

Col. *Courtly.* He knows no difference.

Woodall. Nor you either; but, hark'e, I fancy it is ſafer riding after the one, than the other.

Col.

Col. *Courtly.* Thy Ideas are as groſs as thy Perſon.

L. *Richly.* Hang him, ſly Rogue——you never knew a Fox-hunter, that did not love a Wench.

Woodall. No, nor a Wench of any Senſe that did not love a Fox-hunter.

L. *Richly.* *Modern,* your Servant.

Mr. *Modern.* I would preſume only to remind your Lordſhip ——

L. *Richly.* Depend upon it, I will remember you—I hope, your Lady is well.

Mr. *Modern.* Entirely at your Service, my Lord.

L. *Richly.* I have a particular Affair to communicate to her, a Secret that I cannot ſend by you; you know, all Secrets are not proper to truſt a Husband with.

Mr. *Modern.* You do her too much Honour, my Lord; I believe you will find her at Home any time to-day.

L. *Richly.* Faith, *Modern,* I know not whether thou art happier in thy Temper, or in thy Wife.

Mr. *Modern.* Um——my Lord, as for my Wife, I believe, ſhe is as good as moſt Wives, I believe ſhe is a vertuous Woman; that I think I may affirm of her.

L. *Richly.* That thou may'ſt, I dare ſwear; and that I as firmly believe as thou doſt thy ſelf; and let me tell you, a vertuous Woman is no common Jewel in this Age——but prithee, haſt thou heard any thing of Mr. *Bellamant*'s Affairs?

Mr. *Modern.* No more, than that he has loſt his Cauſe, which he ſeem'd to expect the other Night, when he was at my Houſe.

L. *Richly.* Then you are intimate.

Mr. *Modern.* He viſits my Wife pretty often, my Lord.

L. *Richly.* *Modern,* you know I am your Friend—— and now we are alone let me adviſe you. Take care of *Bellamant,* take a particular care of *Bellamant*—he is prudent enough in his Amours to paſs upon the World for a Conſtant Husband; but I know him——I know him——he is a dangerous Man.

M. *Modern.* My Lord, you ſurprize me ſo that ——

L. *Richly.* I know you will excuſe this Freedom my Friendſhip takes; but beware of *Bellamant* as you love your Honour.

Ser-

Serv. My Lord, the Coach is at the Door.

L. *Richly.* My dear *Modern*, I ſee the great Surprize you are in: but you'll excuſe my Freedom.

Mr. *Modern.* I am eternally oblig'd to your Lordſhip--

L. *Richly.* Your humble Servant.

Mr. *Modern.* I hope your Lordſhip will pardon my Freedom, if after all theſe Obligations I beg leave once more to remind you.

L. *Richly.* Depend upon it, I'll take care of you. What a World of poor chimerical Devils does a Levee draw together? all gaping for Favours, without the leaſt Capacity of making a Return for them.

But great Men juſtly act, by wiſer Rules;
A Levee is the Paradiſe of Fools.

ACT II. SCENE. I.

SCENE, *Mrs.* Bellamant's *Houſe.*

Mrs. Bellamant, Emilia.

Mrs. *Bella.* BID *John* put up the Coach. (*To a Servant.*) What think you now, *Emilia*? has not this Morning's Ramble giv'n you a Surfeit of the Town? After all the Nonſenſe and Ill-nature we have heard to-day, wou'd it grieve one to part with the Place one is ſure to hear 'em over again in?

Emilia. I am far from thinking any of its Pleaſures worth too eager a Wiſh——and the Woman who has with her, in the Country, the Man ſhe loves, muſt be a very ridiculous Creature to pine after the Town.

Mrs. *Bella.* And yet, my Dear, I believe you know there are ſuch ridiculous Creatures.

Emilia. I rather imagine, they retire with the Man they ſhou'd love, than him they do: For a Heart that is paſſionately fond of the Pleaſures here has rarely room for any other Fondneſs. The Town it ſelf is the Paſſion

of

of the greater Part of our Sex; But ſuch I can never allow a juſt Notion of Love to——A Woman, that ſincerely loves, can know no Happineſs without, nor Miſery with her beloved Object.

Mrs. *Bella*. You talk feelingly, I proteſt, I wiſh you don't leave your Heart behind you——Come, confeſs; I hope, I have deſerv'd rather to be eſteem'd your Confident than your Mother-in-Law.

Emilia. Wou'd it be a Crime, if it were ſo? But if Love be a Crime, I am ſure you cannot upbraid me with it.

Mrs. *Bella*. Tho' if it be a Crime, I am ſure you are guilty——Well, I approve your Choice, Child.

Emilia. My Choice! Excellent! I carry his Picture in my Eyes, I ſuppoſe.

Mrs. *Bella*. As ſure as in your Heart, my Dear.

Emilia. Nay, but dear Mamma, tell me whom you gueſs.

Mrs. *Bella*. Huſh, here's Mr. *Bellamant*.

Enter Bellamant.

Mr. *Bella*. So ſoon return'd, my Dear? Sure, you found no Body at Home.

Mrs. *Bella*. Oh, my Dear! I have been in ſuch an Aſſembly of Company, and ſo pulled to pieces with Impertinence and Ill-nature——Welcome, Welcome! the Country! for ſure the World is ſo very bad, thoſe Places are beſt, where one has the leaſt of it.

Mr. *Bella*. What's the Matter?

Mrs. *Bella*. In ſhort, I have been downright affronted.

Mr. *Bella*. Who durſt affront you?

Mrs. *Bella*. A Set of Women that dare do ev'ry thing, but what they ſhou'd do—In the firſt Place, I was complimented with Prude for not being at the laſt Maſquerade——with Dulneſs, for not entring into the Taſte of the Town in ſome of its Diverſions——Then had my whole Dreſs run over, and diſlik'd; and to finiſh all, Mrs. *Termagant* told me I lookt frightful.

Mr. *Bella*. Not all the Paint in *Italy* can give her half your Beauty.

Mrs. *Bella*. You are certainly the moſt complaiſant Man in the World, and I the only Wife who can retire Home,

Home, to be put in a good Humour. Moſt Husbands, are like a plain-dealing Looking-glaſs, which ſullies all the Compliments we have receiv'd abroad, by aſſuring us we do not deſerve 'em.

(*During this Speech a Servant delivers a Letter to* Bellamant, *which he reads.*

Emilia. I believe tho', Madam, that generally happens when they are not deſerv'd: for a Woman of true Beauty can never feel any Diſſatisfaction from the Juſtice of her Glaſs; nor ſhe, who has your Worth, from the Sincerity of Her Husband.

Mrs. *Bella.* Your Father ſeems diſcompos'd—I wiſh there be no ill News in his Letter.

Mr. *Bella.* My Dear, I have a Favour to ask of you.

Mrs. *Bella.* Say to command me.

Mr. *Bella.* I gave you a Bank Note of a Hundred Yeſterday, you muſt let me have it agen.

Mrs. *Bella.* I am the luckieſt Creature in the World, that I did not pay away ſome of it this Morning. *Emilia,* Child, come with me. (*Exit with* Emilia.

Mr. *Bella.* Excellent! Unhappy Woman! How little doth ſhe gueſs, ſhe fetches this Money for a Rival? That is all the little Merit I can boaſt towards her. To have contended by the utmoſt Civility and Compliance, with all her Deſires, and the utmoſt Caution in the Management of my Amour, to diſguiſe from her a Secret, that muſt have made her miſerable. Let me read once more.

SIR,

IF you have, or ever had any Value for me, ſend me a Hundred Pounds this Morning, or to make 'em more welcome than the laſt of Neceſſities can, bring them your ſelf to——Yours——more than her own. Hillaria Modern.

Why, what a Farce is human Life? How ridiculous is the Purſuit of our Deſires, when the Enjoyment of 'em is ſure to beget new ones?

SCENE IV.

Mr. Bellamant, *Cap.* Bellamant.

Cap. *Bella.* Good-morrow, Sir.

Mr.

Mr. *Bella.* I ſuppoſe, Sir, by the Gaiety of your Dreſs, and your Countenance, I may wiſh you Joy of ſomething beſides your Father's Misfortunes.

Cap. *Bella.* Wou'd you have me go into Mourning for your Loſſes, Sir?

Mr. *Bella.* You may mourn, Sir—I am now unable to ſupport your Extravagance any longer. My Advice, nay, my Commands have had no Effect upon you, but Neceſſity muſt; and your Extravagance muſt fall of Courſe, when it has nothing to ſupport it.

Cap. *Bella.* I am ſurpriz'd you ſhou'd call the Expences of a Gentleman, Extravagance.

Mr. *Bella.* I am ſorry you think the Expences of a Fool, or Fop, the Expences of a Gentleman: and that Race-Horſes, Cards, Dice, Whores, and Embroidery are neceſſary Ingredients in that amiable Compoſition.

Cap. *Bella.* Faith, and they are ſo with moſt Gentlemen of my Acquaintance; and give me leave to tell you, Sir, theſe are the Qualifications which recommend a Man to the beſt Sort of People. Suppoſe, I had ſtaid at the Univerſity, and follow'd *Greek* and *Latin*, as you adviſ'd me; What Acquaintance had I found at Court? What Bows had I receiv'd at an Aſſembly or the Opera?

Mr. *Bella.* And will you pleaſe to tell me, Sir, what Advantage you have receiv'd from theſe? Are you the wiſer, or the richer? What are you? Why, in your Opinion, better dreſt—Where elſe had been that ſmart Toupet, that elegant Sword-knot, that Coat cover'd with Lace, and then with Powder? That ever Heav'n ſhou'd make me Father to ſuch a dreſt up Daw! A Creature, who draws all his Vanity from the Gifts of Tailors, and Periwig Makers!

Cap. *Bella.* Wou'd you not have your Son dreſt, Sir?

Mr. *Bella.* Yes, and, if he can afford it, let him be ſometimes fine; but let him dreſs like a Man, not affect the Women, in his Habit, or his Geſture.

Cap. *Bella.* If a Man will keep good Company, he muſt comply with the Faſhion.

Mr. *Bella.* I would no more comply with a ridiculous Faſhion, than with a vicious one; nor with that which makes a Man look like a Monkey, than that which makes him act like any other Beaſt.

Cap.

Cap. *Bella.* Lord, Sir! you are grown ſtrangely unpolite.

Mr. *Bella.* I ſhall not give my ſelf any farther Trouble with you: But ſince all my Endeavours have prov'd ineffectual—leave you to the Bent of your own Inclinations. But I muſt deſire you to ſend me no more Bills; I aſſure you, I ſhall not anſwer them —— you muſt live on your Commiſſion——this laſt Misfortune has made it impoſſible that I ſhou'd add one Farthing to your Income.

Cap. *Bella.* I have an Affair in my View, which may add to it———Sir, I wiſh you Good-morrow ———when a Father and Son muſt not talk of Money-Matters, I cannot ſee what they have to do together.

SCENE V.

Mr. Bellamant, *Mrs.* Bellamant, Emilia.

Mrs. *Bella.* Here is the Bill, my Dear.

Mr. *Bella.* You ſhall be repaid in a Day or two.

Mrs. *Bella.* I ſaw your Son part haſtily from you, as I came in; I hope, you have not been angry with him.

Mr. *Bella.* Why will you ever intermeddle between us?

Mrs. *Bella.* I hope you will pardon an Interceſſion, my Dear, for a Son-in-Law; which I ſhou'd not be guilty of for a Son of my own.

SCENE VI.

Mr. Gaywit, *Mr.* Bellamant, *Mrs.* Bellamant, Emilia.

Mr *Gaywit. Bellamant,* Good-morrow——Ladies, your humble Servant.

Mr. *Bella.* Servant, Mr. *Gaywit.* I thought your time had been ſo employ'd, that you had forgot your Friends.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I ought to excuſe ſo long an Abſence, but as *Bellamant* knows that it muſt give my ſelf the greateſt Pain, he will impute it to Buſineſs.

Mr. *Bella.* Did I not alſo know, that two Days of thy Life were never giv'n to Buſineſs yet?———

Mr.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Not what the grave World call ſo, I confeſs; but of what the gay World allow that Name to, no Hands were ever fuller.

Mr. *Bella.* You have been making Love to ſome new Miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Fy, it is only Husbands make a Buſineſs of Love, to us 'tis but an Amuſement.

Mrs. *Bella.* Very fine! and to my Face too!

Mr. *Gaywit.* Mr. *Bellamant*, Madam, is ſo known an Exception to the general Mode of Husbands, that what is thrown on them, cannot effect one of ſo celebrated a Conſtancy.

Mrs. *Bella.* That's a Virtue he may be celebrated for, without much Envy.

Mr. *Gaywit.* He will be envy'd by all Men, for the Cauſe of that Conſtancy. Were ſuch Wives as Mrs. *Bellamant* leſs ſcarce, ſuch Husbands as my Friend wou'd be more common.

Emilia. You are always throwing the Fault on us.

Mrs. *Bella.* It is commonly in us, either in our Choice of our Husbands, or our Behaviour to them. No Woman, who married a Man of perfect Senſe, was ever unhappy, but from her own Folly. (*Knock here.*

Mr. *Gaywit.* (*Looking out of the Window.*) Ha! a very worthy Uncle of mine, my Lord *Richly*.

Mr. *Bella.* You'll excuſe me, if I am not at Home.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Fy! to deny your ſelf to him, wou'd be unprecedented.

Mr. *Bella.* I aſſure you, no—for I have often done it.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Then, I believe, you are the only Man in Town that has. But it is too late, I hear him on the Stairs.

Mrs. *Bella.* Come, *Emilia*, we'll leave the Gentlemen to their Entertainment; I have been ſurfeited with it already.

SCENE VII.

L. Richly, *Mr.* Gaywit, *Mr.* Bellamant.

L. *Richly.* Dear *Bellamant*, I am your moſt obedient Servant. I am come to ask you ten thouſand Pardons, that my Affairs prevented my Attendance the Day your Cauſe came on. It might have been in my Power to have ſerv'd you beyond my ſingle Vote.

Mr. *Bella.* I am oblig'd to your Lordſhip, but as I have great Reaſon to be ſatisfied with the Juſtice of your honourable Houſe——I am contented.

L. *Richly.* I hope, the Loſs was not conſiderable.

Mr. *Bella.* I thought your Lordſhip had heard.

L. *Richly.* I think, I was told twenty thouſand Pound——But that's a Trifle, a ſmall Retrenchment in one's Expences——two or three dozen Suits the leſs, and two or three dozen fewer Women in a Year, will ſoon reimburſe you.

Mr. *Bella.* My Loſs is not equal to what your Lordſhip intimates; nor can I complain of a Fortune, ſtill large enough to retire into the Country with.

L. *Richly.* Nay, dear *Bellamant*, we muſt not loſe you ſo. Have you no Friend that cou'd favour you with ſome comfortable ſnug Employment, of a thouſand or fifteen Hundred *per Annum*?

Mr. *Gaywit.* Your Lordſhip is the propereſt Perſon in the World.

L. *Richly.* Who I? I am ſure, no Mortal wou'd do half ſo much to ſerve dear *Jack Bellamant* as myſelf——but I have no Intereſt in the leaſt.

Mr. *Bella.* I am oblig'd to the good Offices of my Friend, but I aſſure your Lordſhip I have no Intention that way. Beſides, I have liv'd long enough in the World, to ſee that Neceſſity is a bad Recommendation to Favours of that kind, which as ſeldom fall to thoſe who really want them, as to thoſe who really deſerve them.

L. *Richly.* I can't help ſaying, thoſe things are not eaſily obtained. I heartily wiſh I could ſerve you in any thing——It gives me a great deal of Uneaſineſs that my Power is not equal to my Deſire——Damn it, I muſt turn this Diſcourſe, or he'll never have done with it. Oh, *Bellamant*! have you heard of the new Opera of Mr. *Crambo*?

Mr. *Gaywit.* What's the Name of it?

L. *Richly.* It will be call'd the Humours of *Bedlam*, I have read it, and it is a moſt ſurprizing fine Performance. It has not one Syllable of Senſe in it from the firſt Page to the laſt.

Mr. *Gaywit.* It muſt certainly take,

L.

L. *Richly.* Sir, it ſhall take, if I have Intereſt enough to ſupport it. I hate your dull Writers of the late Reigns. The Deſign of a Play is to make you laugh; and who can laugh at Senſe?

Mr. *Gaywit.* I think, my Lord, we have improv'd on the *Italians.* They wanted only Senſe—We have neither Senſe, nor Muſick.

L. *Richly.* I hate all Muſick but a Jigg.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I don't think it wou'd be an ill Project, my Lord, to turn the beſt of our Tragedies and Comedies into Operas.

L. *Richly.* And, inſtead of a Company of Players, I wou'd have a Company of Tumblers and Ballad-ſingers.

Mr. *Bella.* Why, Faith, I believe it will come to that ſoon, unleſs ſome ſturdy Critick ſhould oppoſe it.

L. *Richly.* No Critick ſhall oppoſe it. It wou'd be very fine, truly, if Men of Quality were confin'd to the vulgar Taſte; we ſhould be rarely diverted, if a Set of Pedants were to licence all our Diverſions; the Stage then wou'd be as dull as a Country Pulpit.

Mr. *Gaywit.* And the Boxes in *Drury-Lane,* as empty as the Galleries in St. *James's.*

Mr. *Bella.* Like enough: for Religion and common Senſe are in a fair way to be baniſh'd out of the World together.

L. *Richly.* Let 'em go, egad.

Mr. *Bella.* This is, I believe, the only Age that has ſcorn'd a Pretence to Religion.

L. *Richly.* Then it is the only Age that hath ſcorn'd Hypocriſy.

Mr. *Bella.* Rather, that Hypocriſy is the only Hypocriſy it wants. You ſhall have a known Raſcal ſet up for Honour——a Fool for Wit——and your profeſſed dear boſom fawning Friend, who, tho' he wallow in Wealth, wou'd refuſe you ten Guineas to preſerve you from Ruin, ſhall loſe a hundred times that Sum at Cards, to ruin your Wife.

L. *Richly.* There dear *Jack Bellamant* is the happieſt Man in the World, by poſſeſſing a Wife whom a houſand times that Sum wou'd have no effect on.

Mr. *Bella.* I look upon my ſelf equally happy, my Lord, in having no ſuch Friend as wou'd tempt her.

L. *Richly.* That thou haſt not, I dare ſwear. But I thank you for putting me in mind of it. I muſt engage her in my Author's Cauſe, for I know her Judgment has a great Sway.

Mr. *Bella.* As our ſtay will be ſo ſhort in Town, ſhe can do you no Service; beſides, I have heard her deteſt Partiality in thoſe Affairs; you wou'd never perſuade her to give a Vote contrary to her Opinion.

L. *Richly.* Deteſt Partiality! ha, ha, ha——I have heard a Lady declare for doing Juſtice to a Play, and condemn it the very next Minute——Tho' I knew ſhe had neither ſeen, nor read it. Thoſe things are entirely guided by Favour.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Nay, I ſee no reaſon to fix the Scandal on the Ladies; Party and Prejudice have the ſame Dominion over us. Ask a Man's Character of one of his Party, and you ſhall hear he is one of the worthieſt, honeſteſt Fellows in Chriſtendom; ask it of one of the oppoſite Party, and you ſhall find him as worthleſs, good-for-nothing a Dog as ever was hang'd.

Mr. *Bella.* So that a Man muſt labour very hard to get a general good Reputation, or a general bad one.

L. *Richly.* Well, ſince you allow ſo much, you will give me leave to tempt Mrs. *Bellamant.*

Mr. *Bella.* With all my Heart, my Lord.

Mr. *Gaytwit.* Thou art a well-bred Husband, indeed, to give an other leave to tempt your Wife.

Mr. *Bella.* I ſhou'd have been a very ill-bred one to have deny'd it. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

L. *Richly.* If I had ſaid more, he had granted it, rather than have loſt my Favour. Poverty makes as many Cuckolds as it does Thieves. (*Aſide.*

Mr. *Bella.* Wait on my Lord *Richly* to your Miſtreſs's Apartment——I am your moſt obedient Servant.

SCENE VIII.

Mr. Gaywit, *Mr.* Bellamant.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I find, you are reſolv'd to make your Wife ſhare your Misfortunes. It wou'd have been civil to have giv'n her the Choice of not being at Home.

Mr.

Mr. *Bella.* I wanted to be alone with you——beſides, Women have a Liberty of ſending away an impertinent Viſitant which we have not.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Ay, and a Way of entertaining Viſitants too which we have not; and he is a Viſitant not eaſily ſent away, I aſſure you. I have known him receive very vigorous Rebuffs without retreating.

Mr. *Bella.* You talk as if you ſuſpected his making Love to my Wife.

Mr. *Gaywit.* He does ſo to every Woman he ſees; neither the ſtricteſt Friendſhip profeſs'd to her Husband, nor the beſt Reputation on her own ſide, can preſerve any Woman he likes from his Attacks: for he is arriv'd at a happy way of regarding all the reſt of Mankind as his Tenants, and thinks becauſe he poſſeſſes more than they, he is intitled to whatever they poſſeſs.

Mr. *Bella.* Inſolent Vanity! I wonder the Spirit of Mankind has not long ſince cruſh'd the Tyranny of ſuch Lordly Wolves; yet believe me, *Gaywit*, there generally goes a great deal of Affectation to compoſe this voluptuous Man. He often injures Women in their Fame, than in their Perſons. This Affectation of Variety diſcovers a ſickly Appetite; and many Miſtreſſes, like many Diſhes, are often ſent away untaſted.

Mr. *Gaywit.* A very innocent Affectat on truly, to deſtroy a Lady's Fame.

Mr. *Bella.* Why ay, for we are come to an Age, wherein a Woman may live very comfortably without it: as long as the Husband is content with his Infamy, the Wife eſcapes hers.

Mr. *Gaywit.* And I am miſtaken, if many Husbands in this Town do not live very comfortably by being content with their Infamy, nay, by being Promoters of it. It is a modern Trade, unknown to our Anceſtors, a modern Bubble, which ſeems to be in a riſing Condition at preſent.

Mr. *Bella.* It is a Stock-jobbing Age, ev'ry thing has its Price; Marriage is Traffick throughout; as moſt of us bargain to be Husbands, ſo ſome of us bargain to be Cuckolds; and he wou'd be as much laught at, who

preferr'd his Love to his Intereſt, at this End of the Town, as he who preferr'd his Honeſty to his Intereſt at the other.

Mr. *Gaywit.* You, *Bellamant*, have had Boldneſs enough, in Contradiction to this general Opinion, to chooſe a Woman from her Senſe and Virtues. I wiſh it were in my Power to follow your Example—— but——

Mr. *Bella.* But the Opinion of the World, dear Boy——

Mr. *Gaywit.* No, my good Forefathers have choſen a Wife for me. I am oblig'd by the Settlement of Lord *Richly*'s Eſtate to marry Lady *Charlotte*.

Mr. *Bella.* How!

Mr *Gaywit.* The Eſtate will deſcend to me ſo encumber'd, I aſſure you.

Mr. *Bella.* I thought it had not been in Lord *Richly*'s Power, to have cut off the Entail,

Mr. *Gaywit.* Not if I marry Lady *Charlotte*.

Mr. *Bella.* I think you are happy in being engag'd to no more diſagreeable Women.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Lady *Charlotte*, is indeed pretty; but were ſhe ev'ry thing a Lover cou'd wiſh, or ev'n imagine—there is a Woman, my Friend——

Mr. *Bella.* Nay, if you are in Love with another, I pity you.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Did'ſt thou know how I love, you wou'd pity me: but didſt thou know whom, cou'dſt thou look upon her with Eyes like mine, coud'ſt thou behold Beauty, Wit, Senſe, Good-nature, contending which ſhou'd adorn her moſt?

Mr. *Bella.* Poor *Gaywit*! thou art gone indeed.

Mr. *Gaywit.* But I ſuppoſe, the Ladies have by this diſcharg'd their Viſitant. Now if you pleaſe, we will attend them.

Mr. *Bella.* You will excuſe me, if I leave you with 'em; which I will not do, unleſs you promiſe I ſhall find you at my return.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I intend to dedicate the Day to your Family; ſo diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe. SCENE

SCENE IX. *Mrs.* Modern's *Houſe.*

Lord Richly, *Mrs.* Modern.

Mrs. *Modern.* I think, I ought to blame your Unkindneſs—I have not ſeen you ſo long.

L. *Richly.* Do you think a Week ſo long?

Mrs. *Modern.* Once you wou'd have thought ſo.

L. *Richly.* Why, truly, Hours in the Spring of Love are ſomething ſhorter than they are in the Winter.

Mrs. *Modern.* Barbarous Man! do you inſult me, after what I have done for you?

L. *Richly.* I fancy, thoſe Favours have been reciprocal.

Mrs. *Modern.* Have I not giv'n you up my Virtue?

L. *Richly.* And have I not paid for your Virtue, Madam? I am ſure, I am 1500 Pounds out of Pocket, which in my Way of counting, is fourteen more than any Woman's Virtue is worth; in ſhort, our Amour is at an end, for I am in purſuit of another Miſtreſs.

Mrs. *Modern.* Why do you come to torment me with her?

L. *Richly.* Why, I wou'd have you act like other prudent Women in a lower Station; when you can pleaſe no longer with your own Perſon, e'en do it with other People's.

Mrs. *Modern.* Monſter! inſupportable!

L. *Richly.* You may rave, Madam, but if you will not do me a Favour, there are enow who will——— I fix'd on you out of a particular Regard to you; for I think, when a Man is to lay out his Money, he is always to do it with his Friends.

Mrs. *Modern.* I'll bear it no longer. (*Going.*

L. *Richly.* Nor I. (*Going.*

Mrs. *Modern.* Stay, my Lord, can you be ſo cruel?

L. *Richly.* Pſhaw! (*Going.*

Mrs. *Modern.* Oh! ſtay! ſtay!———you know my Neceſſities.

L. *Richly.* And, I think I propoſe a very good Cure for 'em.

Mrs. *Modern.* Lend me a hundred Guineas.

L. *Richly.* I will do more.

Mrs. *Modern.* Generous Creature!

L. *Richly.* I'll give you——Twenty.

Mrs. *Modern.* Do you jeſt with my Neceſſity?

L. *Richly.* Lookee, Madam, if you will do a good-natur'd Thing, for me, I will oblige you in return as I promis'd you before, and I think that very good Payment.

Mrs. *Modern.* Pray, my Lord, uſe me with Decency at leaſt.

L. *Richly.* Why ſhould we uſe more Decency to an old Acquaintance, than you Ladies do to a new Lover, and have more Reaſon for ſo doing? You often belye your Hearts, when you uſe us ill——In uſing you ſo, we follow the Dictates of our Natures.

Enter a Servant, who delivers a Letter to Mrs. Modern.

Mrs. *Modern.* Ha! is it *Bellamant*'s Hand——and the Note that I deſir'd——This is lucky, indeed.

SCENE X.

Lord Richly, *Mr.* Gaywit, Emilia, *Lady* Charlotte, *Captain* Bellamant, *Mrs.* Modern.

L. *Richly.* So! here's an end of my Buſineſs for the preſent, I find.

La. *Charl.* Oh, dear *Modern*! I am heartily glad to ſee you are alive; for you muſt know, I thought it impoſſible for any one to be alive, and not be at the Rehearſal of the new Opera.

Cap. *Bella.* How can you be ſurpriz'd at one of no Taſte, Lady *Charlotte*?

Mrs. *Modern.* I ſuppoſe, it was very full.

La. *Charl.* Oh! ev'ry Body was there; all the World.

Mr. *Gaywit.* How can that be, Lady *Charlotte*, when ſo conſiderable a Part, as Mrs. *Modern*, was wanting?

Mrs. *Modern.* Civil Creature! when will you ſay ſuch a thing?

Cap. *Bella.* When I am as dull, Madam.

L. *Richly.* Very true! no one makes a Compliment, but thoſe that want Wit for Satyr.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Right, my Lord. It is as great a Sign of want of Wit to ſay a good-natur'd thing, as want of Senſe to do one.

La.

La. *Charl.* Oh! I wou'd not ſay a good-natur'd thing for the World. Captain *Bellamant*, did you ever hear me ſay a good-natur'd thing in your Life?

Mr. *Gaywit.* But I am afraid, Lady *Charlotte*, tho' Wit be a Sign of Ill-nature, Ill-nature is not always a Sign of Wit.

La. *Charl* I'll give you leave to ſay any thing, after what I have ſaid this Morning—Oh! dear *Modern*, I wiſh you had ſeen *Emilia*'s Dreſſing-box! ſuch Japoning——he! he! he!—ſhe hath varniſhed over a Windmil ten ſeveral times, before ſhe diſcover'd, ſhe had placed the wrong Side upwards.

Mrs. *Modern.* I have had juſt ſuch another Misfortune. I have laid out thirty Pounds on a Cheſt, and now I diſlike it of all things.

La. *Charl.* Oh! my Dear, I do not like one thing in twenty that I do my ſelf.

Emilia. You are the only Perſon that diſlikes, I dare ſay, *Lady Charlotte*.

La. *Charl.* Oh, you flatt'ring Creature! I wiſh, you cou'd bring my Papa to your Opinion. He ſays, I throw away more Money in Work than in Play.

Mrs. *Modern.* But you have not heard half my Misfortune; for when I ſent my Cheſt to be ſold, what do you think I was offer'd for my thirty Pounds worth of Work?

La. *Charl.* I don't know, fifty Guineas perhaps.

Mrs. *Modern.* Twenty Shillings, as I live.

La. *Charl.* Oh! intolerable! Oh! inſufferable!

Cap. *Bella.* But are we to have no *Hazard* this Morning?

Mrs. *Modern.* With all my Heart——Lord *Richly*, what ſay you?

L. *Richly.* My Vote always goes with the Majority, Madam.

Mrs. *Modern.* Come then, the Shrine is within, and you that will offer at it, follow me.

SCENE XI.

Mr. Gaywit, Emilia.

Emilia. Mr. *Gaywit*, are you no Gameſter?

Mr. *Gaywit.* No, Madam, when I play, 'tis the utmoſt Stretch of my Complaiſance.

Emilia. I am glad, I can find one who is as great an Enemy to play as my ſelf; for I aſſure you, we are both of the ſame Opinion.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I wiſh we were ſo in ev'ry thing.

Emilia. Sir!

Mr. *Gaywit* I ſay, Madam, I wiſh all of my Opinions were as well ſeconded; and yet, methinks, I wou'd not have your Thoughts the ſame with mine.

Emilia. Why ſo, pray?

Mr. *Gaywit.* Becauſe you muſt have then many an unhappy Hour, which that you may ever avoid, will be ſtill my heartieſt Pray'r.

Emilia. I am oblig'd to you, Sir.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Indeed, you are not. It is a ſelf-intereſted Wiſh: for believe me, to ſee the leaſt affliction attend you, wou'd give this Breaſt the greateſt Agony it is capable of feeling.

Emilia. Nay, this is ſo extravagant a Flight, I know not what to call it.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Nor I — call it a juſt Admiration of the higheſt Worth, call it the tendereſt Friendſhip if you pleaſe; tho' much I fear it merits the ſweeteſt, ſofteſt Name that can be giv'n to any of our Paſſions. If there be a Paſſion pure without Allay, as tender and ſoft, as violent and ſtrong, you cannot ſure miſcal it by that Name.

Emilia, You grow now too phyloſophical for me to underſtand you: beſides, you wou'd, I am ſure, be beſt underſtood ironically; for who can believe any thing of Mr. *Gaywit*, when he hath aſſerted that he is unhappy?

Mr. *Gaywit.* Nay, I will leave my Caſe to your own Determination when you know it. Suppoſe me oblig'd to marry the Woman I don't like, debarr'd

for

for ever from her I love, I dote on, the Delight of my Eyes, the Joy of my Heart. Suppoſe me oblig'd to forſake her, and marry——another.

Emilia. But I cannot ſuppoſe you oblig'd to that.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Were it not an impertinent Trouble, I cou'd convince you.

Emilia. I know not why I——I may not be excus'd a little Concern for one who hath expreſſed ſo much for me.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Then, Madam, the Settlement of my whole Fortune obliges me to marry Lady *Charlotte Gaywit.*

Emilia. How! —— but ſuppoſe the Refuſal were on Lady *Charlotte*'s Side.

Mr. *Gaywit.* That is my only Hope.

Emilia. And I can aſſure you, your Hope is not ill-grounded.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I know, ſhe hath expreſs'd ſome diſlike to me; but ſhe is a Woman of that Sort, that it is as difficult to be certain of her Diſlike, as her Affection; and whom the Proſpect of Grandeur wou'd eaſily make obedient to her Father's Commands.

Emilia. Well! if you are ſincere, I pity you heartily.

Mr. *Gaywit.* And if you are ſincere, I never knew Happineſs till this dear Moment.

SCENE XII.

Mr. Gaywit, Emilia, *Lord* Richly, *Mrs.* Modern, *Lady* Charlotte, *Cap.* Bellamant.

Mrs. *Modern. Victoria, Victoria!*

Cap. *Bella.* Stript, by *Jupiter!*

La. *Charl.* Eleven Mains together, *Modern*; you are a Devil.

Emilia. What's the matter, Lady *Charlotte*?

La. *Charl.* Oh, my Dear, you never ſaw the like—— *Modern* has held in nine thouſand Mains in one Hand, and won all the World.

Mr. *Gaywit.* She has always great Luck at *Hazard.*

L. *Richly.* Surprizing to-day, upon my Word.

Mrs. *Modern.* Surprizing to me; for it is the firſt Succeſs I have had this Month; and I am ſure, my

Quadrille

Quadrille makes ev'ry one a ſufficient Amends for my *Hazard*.

L. *Richly*. You are one of thoſe, whoſe winning no body ever heard of, or whoſe loſing no one ever ſaw.

Cap. *Bella*. But you forget the Auction, Lady *Charlotte*.

La. *Charl*. What have I to do at an Auction, that am ruin'd and undone?

Mr. *Gaywit*. As much as many that are undone; bid out of whim, in order to raiſe the Price, and ruin others. Or if the Hammer ſhou'd fall upon you, before you expect it, take a ſudden diſlike to the Goods, or diſpute your own Words, and leave them upon the Hands of the Seller.

Mrs. *Modern*. How polite is that now? *Gaywit* will grow ſhortly as well-bred, as Mad-cap.

Cap. *Bella*. We ſhall have him there too, and he is the life of an Auction.

La. *Charl*. Oh! the moſt agreeable Creature in the World——he has more Wit than any Body, he has made me laugh five hundred Hours together. *Emilia*, we will juſt call there, and then I'll ſet you down at Home.

Emilia. Let us but juſt call then.

La. *Charl*. That caution is admirable from you, when you know I never ſtay above ſix Minutes any where. Well, you never will reform.

L. *Richly*. I deſire, *Charlotte*, you wou'd be at Home by Four.

La. *Charl*. I ſhall very eaſily, my Lord, for I have not above fourteen or fifteen Places to call at.—Come, dear Creature, let us go, for I have more Buſineſs than half the World upon my Hands, and I muſt poſitively call at the Auction.

Mr. *Gaywit*. Where you have no Buſineſs, it ſeems.

La. *Charl*. Impertinent! *Modern*, your Servant.

SCENE XIII.

Lord Richly, *Mrs*. Modern.

L. *Richly*. I only waited till you were alone, Madam ——— to renew my Buſineſs.

Mrs. *Modern*. If you intend to renew your Impertinence, I wiſh you wou'd omit both.

L. *Richly.* So, I find I have my Work to do over again.

Mrs. *Modern.* But if you pleaſe, my Lord, to truce with your Propoſals, and let *Piquet* be the Word.

L. *Richly.* So, you have taken Money out of my Daughters Hands, to put it into mine.

Mrs. *Modern.* Be not confident ——— I have been too hard for you before now.

L. *Richly.* Well, and without a Compliment, I know none whom I wou'd ſooner loſe to than your ſelf; for to any one who loves Play as well as you, and plays as ill, the Money we loſe, by a ſurpriſing ill Fortune, is only lent.

Mrs. *Modern.* Methinks, my Lord, you ſhou'd be fearful of deterring me by this plain-dealing.

L. *Richly.* I am better acquainted with your Sex. It is as impoſſible to perſuade a Woman that ſhe plays ill, as that ſhe looks ill. The one may make her tear her Cards, and the other break her Looking-glaſs.

Her want of Skill, for want of Luck muſt paſs;
As want of Beauty's owing to her Glaſs.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

Lord Richly, *Mrs.* Modern.

Mrs. *Modern.* CAN you be ſo cruel?

L. *Richly.* Ridiculous! you might as well ask me for my whole Eſtate; I am ſure, I wou'd as ſoon give it you.

Mrs. *Modern.* An everlaſting Curſe attend the Cards! ——— to be repiqu'd from forty, when I play'd but for five! my Lord, I believe you a Cheat.

L.

L. *Richly.* At your Service, Madam ——— when you have more Money, if you will honour me with Notice ——— I will be ready ——— to receive it.

Mrs. *Modern.* Stay, my Lord—give me the twenty Guineas.

L. *Richly.* On my Conditions.

Mrs. *Modern.* Any Conditions.

L. *Richly.* Then you muſt contrive ſome way or other, a Meeting between me and Mrs. *Bellamant*, at your Houſe.

Mrs. *Modern.* Mrs. *Bellamant!*

L. *Richly.* Why do you ſtart at that Name?

Mrs. *Modern.* She has the Reputation of the ſtricteſt Virtue of any Woman in Town.

L *Richly.* Virtue! ha, ha, ha! ſo have you, and ſo have ſeveral of my Acquaintance; there are as few Women who have not the Reputation of Virtue, as that have the thing it ſelf.

Mrs. *Modern.* And what do you propoſe by meeting her here?

L. *Richly.* I am too civil to tell you plainly what I propoſe; tho' by your Queſtion one wou'd imagine you expected it.

Mrs. *Modern.* I expect any thing from you, rather than Civility, my Lord.

L. *Richly.* Madam, it will be your own Fault, if I am not civil to you. Do this for me, and I'll deny you nothing.

Mrs. *Modern.* There is one thing, which tempts me more than your Gold, which is the Expectation of ſeeing you deſert her, as you have done me.

L. *Richly.* Which is a Pleaſure you'll certainly have; and the ſooner you compaſs my Wiſhes, the ſooner you may triumph in your own: Nay, there is a third Motive will charm thee, my dear *Hillaria*, more than the other two. When I have laid this Paſſion, which hath abated that for you, I may return to your Arms with all my former Vigour.

Mrs. *Modern* Excuſe my Incredulity, my Lord; for tho' Love can change its Object, it can never return to the ſame again.

L.

L. *Richly.* I may convince you of the contrary—— but to our Buſineſs; Fortune has declar'd on our Side already, by ſending *Bellamant* hither: cultivate an Acquaintance with him, and you cannot avoid being acquainted with his Wife. She is the perfect Shadow of her Husband; they are as inſeparable, as Lady *Coquette* and her Lap-dog.

Mrs. *Modern.* Yes, or as her Ladyſhip and her Impertinence; or her Lap-dog and his Smell. Well, it is to me ſurpriſing, how Women of Faſhion can carry Huſbands, Children, and Lap-dogs about with 'em; three Things I never cou'd be fond of.

L. *Richly.* If the Ladies were not fonder of their Lap-dogs than of their Husbands, we ſhou'd have no more Dogs in St. *James*'s Pariſh, than there are Lions at the Tower.

Mrs. *Modern.* It is an uncommon Bravery in you, to ſingle out the Woman who is reputed to be the fondeſt of her Husband.

L. *Richly.* She that is fond of one Man, may be fond of another. Fondneſs in a Woman's Temper, like the Love of Play, may prefer one Man, and one Game; but will incline her to try more, eſpecially when ſhe expects greater Profit, and there I am ſure, I am ſuperior to my Rival: If Flattery will allure her, or Riches tempt her, ſhe ſhall be mine; and thoſe are the two great Gates by which the Devil enters the Heart of Womankind——Pſhaw! He here!——

SCENE II.

Lord Richly, *Mr.* Modern, *Mrs.* Modern.

Mr. *Modern.* I am your Lordſhip's moſt obedient humble Servant.

L. *Richly.* Have you ſeen this new Opera, Madam?

Mrs. *Modern.* I have heard vaſt Commendations of it; but I cannot bear an Opera, now poor *La Dovi*'s gone.

L. *Richly.* Nor I, after poor *A la Fama.*

Mrs. *Modern.* Oh! *Cara la Dovi!* I proteſt, I have often reſolv'd to follow her into *Italy.*

L. *Richly.* You will allow *A la Fama*'s Voice, I hope.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Modern*. But the Mien of *La Dovi*, then her Judgment in Singing; the Moment ſhe enter'd the Stage, I have wiſh'd my ſelf all Eyes.

L. *Richly*. And the Moment *Ala Fama* ſung, I have wiſh'd my ſelf all Ears; I find, I am no deſir'd part of this Company.

Mr. *Modern*. I hope, your Lordſhip will pardon me. Buſineſs of the greateſt Conſequence requiring my Attendance, prevents my waiting on your Lordſhip according to my Deſires.

SCENE III.

Lord Richly, *Mrs.* Modern.

L. *Richly*. This unſeaſonable Interruption has quite cut the Thread of my Deſign. Pox on him, a Husband, like the Fool in a Play, is of no Uſe but to cauſe Confuſion.

Mrs. *Modern*. You wou'd have an Opportunity at my Houſe, and to procure it, I muſt be acquainted with Mrs. *Bellamant*; now, there is a lucky Accident which you are not appriz'd of —— Mr. *Bellamant* is an humble Servant of mine.

L. *Richly*. That is lucky indeed; cou'd we give her a Cauſe of Suſpicion that way, it were a lively Proſpect of my Succeſs; as perſuading a Thief that his Companion is falſe, is the ſureſt way to make him ſo.

Mrs. *Modern*. A very pretty Compariſon of your Lordſhip's between the two States.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Bellamant* deſires to know, if your Ladyſhip is at home,

Mrs. *Modern*. I am. Bring him into the Dining-Room.

L. *Richly*. Thou dear Creature, let me but ſucceed in this Affair, I'll give thee Millions.

Mrs. *Modern*. More Gold, and fewer Promiſes, my Lord.

L. *Richly*. An hundred Guineas ſhall be the Price of our firſt Interview.

Mrs. *Modern*. Be punctual, and be confident. Go out the back way, that he may not ſee you.

L. *Richly*. Adieu, my *Machiavil*.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Mrs.* Bellamant's *Houſe.*

Mrs. Bellamant, *Mr.* Gaywit, Emilia.

Mrs. *Bella.* And ſo, Lady *Willit*, after all her Proteſtations againſt Matrimony, has at laſt generouſly beſtowed her ſelf on a young Fellow with no Fortune, the famous Beau *Smirk.*

Emilia. She was proof againſt every thing but Charity.

Mr. *Gaywit.* To which all other Virtues ſhou'd be ſacrific'd, as it is the greateſt; the Ladies are apt to value themſelves on their Virtue, as a rich Citizen does on his Purſe; and I do not know which is of the greateſt Uſe to the Publick.

Mrs. *Bella.* Nor I, which are the oftneſt Bankrupts.

Mr. *Gaywit.* And as, in the City, they ſuſpect a Man who is oſtentatious of his Riches; ſo ſhou'd I the Woman, who makes the moſt Noiſe of her Virtue.

Mrs. *Bella.* We are all the leaſt ſollicitous about Perfections, which we are well aſſur'd of our poſſeſſing. Flattery is never ſo agreeable as to our blind Side. Commend a Fool for his Wit, or a Knave for his Honeſty, and they will receive you into their Boſoms.

Emilia. Nay, I have known a pretty Lady who was vain of nothing but her falſe Locks; and have ſeen a Pair of ſquinting Eyes, that never ſmil'd at a Compliment made to any other Feature.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Yes, Madam, and I know a pretty Gentleman, who obliges me very often with his ill-ſpelt Songs; and a very ugly Poet, who hath made me a Preſent of his Picture.

Emilia. Well, ſince you ſee it is ſo agreeable to flatter one's blind Side, I think you have no excuſe to compliment on the other.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Then I ſhall have a very good Excuſe to make you no Compliment at all. But this I aſſure you, *Emlia*, the firſt Imperfection I diſcover, I will tell you of it with the utmoſt Sincerity.

Emilia. And I aſſure you with the utmoſt Sincerity, I ſhall not thank you for it.

Mrs. *Bella.* Then without any Flattery, you are two of the moſt open Plain dealers I have met with,

SCENE

SCENE V.

Mrs Bellamant, Emilia, *Lady* Charlotte, *Mr.* Gaywit.

La. *Charl.* Dear Mrs. *Bellamant*, make ſome Excuſe for me; I ſee *Emilia* is going to chide me for ſtaying ſo long. When, did ſhe know the Fatigue I had this Afternoon,—I was juſt going into my Coach, when Lady *Twitter* came in, and forc'd me away to a Fan-ſhop. Well, I have ſeen a Set of the prettieſt Fans to-day. My dear Creature, where did you get that Lace? I never ſaw any thing ſo raviſhing.

Emilia. I cannot ſee any thing ſo extraordinary in it.

La. *Charl.* It cou'd not coſt leſs than ten Pound a Yard——Oh! Mr. *Gaywit*, are you here?

Emilia. He goes with us to the Play.

La. *Charl.* Oh hateful! how can you bear him? I won'd as ſoon to the Chappel with Lady *Prude*: I ſaw the ridiculous Creature cry at a Tragedy.

Mrs. *Bella.* Do you think he need be aſham'd of that, Lady *Charlotte*?

La. *Charl.* I wou'd as ſoon laugh at a Comedy, or fall aſleep at an Opera.

Mrs. *Bella.* What is the Play to-night?

La. *Charl.* I never know that. Miſs *Rattle* and I ſaw four Acts the other Night, and came away without knowing the Name. I think one only goes to ſee the Company, and there will be a great deal to-night; for the Dutcheſs of *Simpleton* ſent to me this Morning. *Emilia*, you muſt go with me after the Play: I muſt make juſt fourteen Viſits between Nine and Ten: Yeſterday, was the firſt Payment I have made ſince I came to Town, and I was able to compaſs no more than three and forty; tho' I only found my Lady *Sober* at Home, and ſhe was at *Quadrille*——Lud, Mrs. *Bellamant*, I think you have left off play, which is to me ſurprizing, when you play'd ſo very well.

Mrs. *Bella.* And yet I believe, you hardly ever ſaw me win.

La. *Charl.* I never mind whether I win or no, if I make no Miſtakes.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Which you never fail of doing as often as you play.

La.

La. *Charl.* Do you hear him?

Emilia. Oh! he ſets up for a Plain-dealer, that is, one who ſhews his Wit at the Expence of his Breeding.

La. *Charl.* Yes, and at the Expence of his Truth.

Emilia. Never mind him, Lady *Charlotte*, you will have the Town on your Side.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Yes, they will all ſpeak for you that play againſt you.

La. *Charl.* This is downright inſupportable.

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Bellamant, Emilia, *Mr.* Gaywit, *Lady* Charlotte, *Captain* Bellamant.

La. *Charl.* Oh! here's Captain *Bellamant* ſhall be my Voucher.

Cap. *Bella.* That you may be aſſur'd of, Lady *Charlotte*, for I have ſo implicit a Faith in your Ladyſhip, that I know you are in the right before you ſpeak.

La. *Charl.* Mr. *Gaywit* does not allow me to play at *Quadrille.*

Cap. *Bella.* He may as well deny that your Ladyſhip ſees; beſides, I do not lay a great deal of Weight on his Judgment, whom I never ſaw play at all.

La. *Charl.* Oh, abominable! then he does not live at all. I wiſh my whole Life was one Party at *Quadrille.*

Cap. *Bella.* As a *Spaniard's* is a Game at *Cheſs*, egad.

Mrs. *Bella.* I never intend to ſacrifice my Time entirely to play, till I can get no one to keep me Company for nothing.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Right, Madam, I think the Votaries to Gaming, ſhou'd be ſuch as want Helps for Converſation: And none ſhou'd have always Cards in their Hands, but thoſe who have nothing but the Weather in their Mouths.

Mrs. *Bella.* Thus gaming wou'd be of Service to the Publick of Wit, by taking away the Encouragers of Nonſenſe, as a War is of Service to a Nation, by taking the idle People out of it.

La. *Charl.* Intolerable! Mrs. *Bellamant* an Advocate againſt Play?——

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Lord Richly, *Mr.* Gaywit, *Captain* Bellamant, *Lady* Charlotte, Emilia, *Mrs.* Bellamant.

L. *Richly.* Who is an Advocate againſt Play?

La. *Charl.* Mrs. *Bellamant*, my Lord.

L. *Richly.* She is grown a perfect Deſerter from the *Beau Monde*: She has declar'd her ſelf againſt Mr. *Crambo* too.

La. *Charl.* Againſt dear Mr. *Crambo*?

Mrs. *Bella.* I am only for indulging Reaſon in our Entertainments, my Lord. I muſt own, when I ſee a polite Audience pleas'd at ſeeing *Bedlam* on the Stage, I cannot forbear thinking them fit for no other Place.

L. *Richly.* Now, I am never entertain'd better.

La. *Charl.* Nor I. Oh dear *Bedlam*! I have gone there once a Week for a long time: I am charm'd with thoſe delightful Creatures, the Kings, and the Queens.

Cap. *Bella.* And your Ladyſhip has contributed abundance of Lovers, all Kings, no doubt: for he that con'd have the Boldneſs to attempt you, might with much leſs Madneſs dream of a Throne.

La. *Charl.* Well, I ſhou'd like to be a Queen. I fancy, 'tis very pretty to be a Queen.

Cap. *Bella.* Were I a King, Lady *Charlotte*, your ſhou'd have your Wiſh.

La. *Charl.* Ay, but then, I muſt have you too——— I'wou'd not have an odious filthy He-Creature for the World.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Faith, you cannot eaſily find any, who is leſs of the He-Creature. (*Aſide.*

Emilia. But, Lady *Charlotte*, we ſhall be too late for the Play.

La. *Charl.* I believe the firſt Act is over, ſo we'll go. I don't believe, I ever ſaw the firſt Act of a Play in my Life——but do you think, I'll ſuffer you in my Coach?

Mr. *Gaywit.* At leaſt, you'll ſuffer me to put this Lady into it.

Cap. *Bella.* And me to put your Ladyſhip in.

La. *Charl.* Dear Mrs. *Bellamant*, your moſt obedient Servant.

L.

L. *Richly*. Shall I have the Honour, in the mean time, of entertaining you at *Piquet*?

Mrs. *Bella*. Your Lordſhip has ſuch a vaſt Advantage over me——

L. *Richly*. None in the leaſt: but if you think ſo, Madam, I'll give you what Points you pleaſe.

Mrs. *Bella*. For one Party then, my Lord—Get Cards there—Your Lordſhip will excuſe me a Moment.

L. *Richly*. Charming Woman!—and thou art mine, as ſurely as I wiſh thee—Let me ſee—ſhe goes into the Country in a Fortnight—Now, if I compaſs my Affair in a Day or two, I ſhall be weary of her by that time, and her Journey will be the moſt agreeable thing that can happen.

SCENE VIII. *Mr.* Modern's *Houſe*.

Mrs. Modern, *Mr.* Bellamant.

Mrs. *Modern*. Is it not barbarous, nay, mean, to upbraid me with what nothing but the laſt Neceſſity could have made me ask of you?

Mr. *Bella*. You wrong me; I lament my own Neceſſities not upbraid yours. My Misfortune is too publick for you not to be acquainted with it; and what reſtrains me from ſupporting the Pleaſures of the beſt Wife in the World, may, I think, juſtly excuſe me from ſupporting thoſe of a Miſtreſs.

Mrs. *Modern*. Do you inſult me with your Wife's Virtue? You! who have robb'd me of mine?—yet Heaven will, I hope, forgive me this firſt Slip; and if henceforth I ever liſten to the Siren Perſwaſions of your falſe ungrateful Sex, may I——

Mr. *Bella*. But hear me, Madam.

Mrs. *Modern*. Would I had never heard, nor ſeen, nor known you.

Mr. *Bella*. If I alone have robb'd you of your Honour, it is you alone have robb'd me of mine.

Mrs. *Modern*. Your Honour! ridiculous! the Virtue of a Man!

Mr. *Bella*. Madam, I ſay, my Honour; if to rob a Woman who brought me Beauty, Fortune, Love and Virtue; if to hazard the making her miſerable be no Breach of Honour, Robbers and Murderers may be honourable

honourable Men: Yet, this I have done, and this I do ſtill for you.

Mrs. *Modern.* We will not enter into a Detail, Mr. *Bellamant*, of what we have done for one another; perhaps, the Balance may be on your Side: If ſo, it muſt be ſtill greater; for I have one Requeſt which I muſt not be denied.

Mr. *Bella.* You know, if it be in my Power to grant, it is not in my Power to deny you.

Mrs. *Modern.* Then for the ſake of my Reputation, and to prevent any Jealouſy in my Husband, bring me acquainted with Mrs. *Bellamant.*

Mr. *Bella.* Ha!

Mrs. *Modern.* By which means we ſhall have more frequent Opportunities together.

Mr. *Bella.* Of what uſe your Acquaintance can be, I know not.

Mrs. *Modern.* Do you ſcruple it? This is too plain an Evidence of your Contempt of me; you will not introduce a Woman of ſtain'd Virtue to your Wife: Can you, who cauſed my Crime, be the firſt to contemn me for it?

Mr. *Bella.* Since you impute my Caution to ſo wrong a Cauſe, I am willing to prove your Error.

Mrs. *Modern.* Let our Acquaintance begin this Night then, try if you cannot bring her hither now.

Mr. *Bella.* I will try, nay, and I will ſucceed: for Oh! I have ſacrificed the beſt of Wives to your Love.

Mrs. *Modern.* I envy, not admire her for an Affection which any Woman might preſerve to you.

Mr. *Bella.* I fly to execute your Commands.

Mrs. *Modern.* Stay——I——

Mr. *Bella.* Speak.

Mrs. *Modern.* I muſt ask one laſt Favour of you—and yet I know not how—tho' it be a Trifle, and I will repay it—only to lend me another Hundred Guineas.

Mr. *Bella.* Your Requeſt, Madam, is always a Command. I ſhall think Time flies with Wings of Lead till I return.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Mrs. Modern *ſola.*

Mrs. *Modern.* And I ſhall think you fly on golden Wings, my dear Gallant. Thou Aſs, to think that the Heart of a Woman is to be won by Gold, as well as her Perſon; but thou wilt find, though a Woman often ſells her Perſon ſhe always gives her Heart.

SCENE X. *Mrs.* Bellamant's *Houſe.*

Lord Richly, *Mrs.* Bellamant, *at Piquet.*

L. *Richly.* Six Parties ſucceſſively! ſure Fortune will change ſoon, or I ſhall believe ſhe is not blind.

Mrs. *Bella.* No, my Lord, you either play with too great Negligence, or with ſuch Ill-luck that I ſhall preſs my Victory no farther at preſent. Beſides I can't help thinking five Points place the Odds on my Side.

L. *Richly.* Can you change this Note, Madam?

Mrs. *Bella.* Let it alone, my Lord.

L. *Richly.* Excuſe me, Madam, I am ſuperſtitiouſly obſervant to pay my Loſings, before I riſe from the Table—Beſides, Madam, it will give me an infinite Pleaſure to have the fineſt Woman in the World in my Debt. Do but keep it till I have the Honour of ſeeing you again. Nay, Madam, I muſt inſiſt on it, tho' I am forced to leave it in your Hands thus———

SCENE XI.

Mrs. Bellamant *ſola.*

Mrs. *Bella.* What can this mean!—I am confident too that he loſt the laſt Party deſignedly. I obſerved him fix his Eyes ſtedfaſtly on mine, and ſigh, and ſeem careleſs of his Game—It muſt be ſo—he certainly hath a Deſign on me. I will return him this Note immediately, and am reſolved never to ſee him more.

SCENE XII.

Mr. Bellamant, *Mrs.* Bellamant.

Mrs. *Bella.* My Dear! where have you been all Day? I have not had one Moment of your Company ſince Dinner.

Mr. *Bella.* I have been upon Buſineſs of very great Conſequence, my Dear.

Mrs. *Bella.* Is it fit for me to hear?

Mr. *Bella.* No, my Dear, it would only make you uneaſy.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bella.* Nay, then I muſt hear it, that I may ſhare your Concern.

Mr. *Bella.* Indeed, it would rather aggravate it: It is not in your Power to aſſiſt me; for ſince you will know it, an Affair hath happen'd, which makes it neceſſary for me to pay an Hundred Guineas this very Evening.

Mrs. *Bella.* Is that all?

Mr. *Bella.* That indeed was once a Trifle—but now it makes me uneaſy.

Mrs. *Bella.* So it doth not me, becauſe it is in my Power to ſupply you—Here is a Note for that Sum; but I muſt be poſitively repaid within a Day or two: It is only a Friend's Money truſted in my Hands.

Mr. *Bella.* My Dear, ſure when Heaven gave me thee, it gave me a Cure for every Malady of the Mind, and it hath made thee ſtill the Inſtrument of all its Good to me.

Mrs. *Bella.* Be aſſured, I deſire no greater Bleſſing than the continual Reflection of having pleaſed you.

Mr. *Bella.* Are you engaged, my Love, this Evening?

Mrs. *Bella.* Whatever Engagement I have, it is in your Power to break.

Mr. *Bella.* If you have none, I will introduce you to a new Acquaintance: One whom I believe you never viſited, but muſt know by Sight——Mrs. *Modern.*

Mrs. *Bella.* It is equal to me in what Company I am, when with you. My Eyes are ſo delighted with that principal Figure, that I have no Leiſure to contemplate the reſt of the Piece. I'll wait on you immediately.

SCENE XII.

Mr. Bellamant *ſolus.*

Mr. *Bella.* What a Wretch am I! Have I either Honour or Gratitude, and can I injure ſuch a Woman? How do I injure her! While ſhe perceives no Abatement in my Paſſion, ſhe is not injured by its inward Decay: Nor can I give her a ſecret Pain, while ſhe hath no Suſpicion of my ſecret Pleaſures. Have I not found too an equal Return of Paſſion in my Miſtreſs? Does ſhe not ſacrifice more for me than a Wife can? The Gallant is, indeed, indebted for the Favours he receives; But the Husband pays dearly for what he enjoys. I hope, however, this will be the

laſt

laſt hundred Pounds I ſhall be asked to lend. My Wife's having this dear Note was as lucky as it was unexpected —— Ha! —— the ſame I gave this Morning to *Mrs. Modern*; Amazement, what can this mean?

SCENE XIII.

Mr. Bellamant, *Mrs.* Bellamant.

Mr. *Bella.* My Dear, be not angry at my Curioſity, but pray tell me —— how came you by this?

Mrs. *Bella.* Pardon me, my Dear, I have a particular Reaſon for not telling you.

Mr. *Bella.* And I have as particular a Reaſon for asking it.

Mrs. *Bella.* I beg you not to preſs me: perhaps you will oblige me to ſacrifice a Friend's Reputation.

Mr. *Bella.* The Secret ſhall reſt in my Boſom, I aſſure you.

Mrs. *Bella.* But ſuppoſe, I ſhould have promiſed not to ſuffer it from my own.

Mr. *Bella.* A Husband's Command breaks any Promiſe.

Mrs. *Bella.* I am ſurprized to ſee you ſo ſollicitous about a Trifle.

Mr. *Bella.* I am rather ſurprized to find you ſo tenacious of one; beſides be aſſured, you cannot have half the Reaſon to ſuppreſs the Diſcovery, as I to inſiſt upon it.

Mrs. *Bella.* What is your Reaſon?

Mr. *Bella.* The very Difficulty you make in telling it.

Mrs. *Bella.* Your Curioſity ſhall be ſatisfied then; but I beg you would defer it now. I may get abſolved from my Promiſe of Secrecy. I beg you would not urge me to break my Truſt.

Mr. *Bella.* (*Aſide.*) ſhe certainly hath not diſcovered my Falſhood, that were impoſſible: beſides I may ſatisfy my ſelf immediately by Mrs. *Modern*.

Mrs. *Bella.* What makes you uneaſy? I aſſure you, there is nothing in this worth your knowing.

Mr. *Bella.* I believe it, at leaſt I ſhall give up my Curioſity to your Deſire.

Mrs. *Bella.* I am ready to wait on you.

Mr. *Bella.* I muſt make a ſhort Viſit firſt on what I told you, and will call on you immediately.

SCENE XIV.

Mrs. Bellamant *ſola.*

Mrs. *Bella.* What can have given him this Curioſity I know not, but ſhould I have diſcovered the Truth, who can tell into what Suſpicions it might have betrayed him? His jealous Honour might have reſolved on ſome fatal Return to Lord *Richly*, had he taken it in the ſame way as I do; whereas by keeping the Secret, I preſerve him every way from Danger; for I my ſelf will ſecure his Honour without expoſing his Perſon. I will my ſelf give Lord *Richly* his Diſcharge. How nearly have I been unawares to the Brink of Ruin! for, ſurely, the lighteſt Suſpicion of a Husband is ſo.

When Innocence can ſcarce our Lives defend;
What Dangers muſt the guilty Wife attend?

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mrs.* Modern's *Houſe.*

Mr. Modern, *Mrs.* Modern.

Mr. *Modern.* IN ſhort, Madam, you ſhall not drive a ſeparate Trade at my Expence. Your Perſon is mine, I bought it lawfully in the Church, and unleſs I am to profit by the Diſpoſal, I ſhall keep it all for my own Uſe.

Mrs. *Modern.* This Inſolence is not to be borne.

Mr. *Modern.* Have I not winked at all your Intrigues? Have I not pretended Buſineſs, to leave you and your Gallants together? Have I not been the moſt obſequious, obſervant ———

Mrs. *Modern.* Out with it, you know what you are.

Mr. *Modern.* Do you upbraid me with your Vices, Madam? Mrs.

Mrs. *Modern*. My Vices ——— call it Obedience to a Husband's Will. Can you deny that you have your ſelf perſuaded me to the Undertaking? Can you forget the Arguments you uſed to convince me that Virtue was the lighteſt of Bubbles?

Mr. *Modern*. I own it all; and had I felt the Sweets of your Pleaſures, as at firſt, I had never once upbraided you with them; but as I muſt more than ſhare the Diſhonour, it is ſurely reaſonable I ſhould ſhare the Profit.

Mrs. *Modern*. And have you not?

Mr. *Modern*. What if I have ———

Mrs. *Modern*. Why do you complain then?

Mr. *Modern*. Becauſe I find thoſe Effects no more. Your Cards run away with the Lucre of your other Pleaſures——and you loſe to the Knaves of your own Sex, what you get from the Fools of ours.

Mrs. *Modern*. 'Tis falſe, you know I ſeldom loſe—— Nor indeed can I conſiderably; for I have not lately had it in my Power to ſtake high: Lord *Richly*, who was the Fountain of our Wealth, hath long been dry to me.

Mr. *Modern*. I hope, Madam, this new Gallant will turn to a better Account.

Mrs. *Modern*. Our Amour is yet too young to expect any thing thence.

Mr. *Modern*. As young as it is, I have Reaſon to believe it is grown to Perfection. Whatever Fruits I may expect from him, it is not impoſſible, from what hath already happened, but I may expect ſome from you, and that is not golden Fruit. I am ſure if Women ſprung from the Earth, as ſome Philoſophers think, it was from the Clay of *Egypt*, not the Sands of *Peru*. Serpents and Crocodiles are the only Fruit they produce.

Mrs. *Modern*. Very true, and a Wife contains the whole ten Plagues of her Country. (*Laughing*.

Mr. *Modern*. Why had I not been born a *Turk*, that I might have enſlaved my Wife, or a *Chineſe*, that I might have ſold her!

Mrs. *Modern*. That would have been only the Cuſtom of the Country. You have done more, you have ſold her in *England*; in a Country, where Women are as

backward to be ſold to a Lover, as to refuſe him; and where Cuckold is almoſt the only Title of Honour that can't be bought.

Mr. *Modern.* This ludicrous Behaviour, Madam, as ill becomes the preſent Subject, as the entertaining new Gallants doth the Tenderneſs you this Morning expreſſed for your Reputation. In ſhort, it is impoſſible that your Amours ſhould be ſecret long; and however careleſs you have been of me whilſt I have had my Horns in my Pocket, I hope you'll take care to gild them when I am to wear them in Publick.

Mrs. *Modern.* What would you have me do?

Mr. *Modern.* Suffer me to diſcover you together; by which means we may make our Fortunes eaſy all at once. One good Diſcovery in *Weſtminſter-Hall* will be of greater Service than his utmoſt Generoſity——— The Law will give you more in one Moment, than his Love for many Years.

Mrs. *Modern.* Don't think of it.

Mr. *Modern.* Yes, and reſolve it; unleſs you agree to this, Madam, you muſt agree immediately to break up our Houſe, and retire into the Country.

Mrs. *Modern.* Racks and Tortures are in that Name.

Mr. *Modern.* But many more are in that of a Priſon; ſo you muſt reſolve either to quit the Town, or ſubmit to my Reaſons.

Mrs. *Modern.* When Reputation is gone, all Places are alike: when I am deſpiſed in it, I ſhall hate the Town as much as now I like it.

Mr. *Modern.* There are other Places and other Towns; the whole World is the Houſe of the Rich, and they may live in what Apartment of it they pleaſe.

Mrs. *Modern.* I cannot reſolve.

Mr. *Modern.* But I can: if you will keep your Reputation, you ſhall carry it into the Country, where it will be of Service —— In Town it is of none —— or if it be, 'tis, like Clogs, only to thoſe that walk on Foot; and the one will no more recommend you in an Aſſembly, than the other.

Mrs. *Modern.* You never had any Love for me.

Mr.

Mr. *Modern.* Do you tax me with Want of Love for you? Have I not for your ſake ſtood the publick Mark of Infamy? Would you have had me poorly kept you, and ſtarv'd you?——No——I could not bear to ſee you want, therefore have acted the Part I've done: And yet while I have wink'd at the giving up your Virtue, have I not been the moſt induſtrious to cry it up every where?

Mrs. *Modern.* So has Lord *Richly*, and ſo have all his Creatures, a common Trick among you: to blazon out the Reputation of Women, whoſe Virtue you have deſtroyed; and as induſtriouſly blacken them who have withſtood you. A Deceit ſo ſtale, that your Commendation wou'd ſully a Woman of Honour.

Mr. *Modern.* I have no longer Time to reaſon with you; ſo I ſhall leave you to conſider on what I have ſaid. (*Exit.*

Mrs. *Modern.* What ſhall I do! Can I bear to be the publick Scorn of all the Malicious and Ugly of my own Sex, or to retire with a Man whom I hate and deſpiſe. Hold! there is a ſmall Glimpſe of Hope that I may avoid them both. I have reaſon to think *Bellamant*'s Love as violent as he avers it. Now could I perſuade him to fly away with me——Impoſſible! he hath ſtill too much Tenderneſs for his Wife.

SCENE II.

Lord Richly, *Mrs.* Modern.

L. *Richly.* What Succeſs, my Angel.

Mrs. *Modern.* Hope all, my Lord, that Lovers wiſh or Husbands fear; ſhe will be here.

L. *Richly.* When?

Mrs. *Modern.* Now to-night, inſtantly.

L. *Richly.* Thou Glory of Intrigue, what Words ſhall thank thee?

Mrs. *Modern.* No Words at all, my Lord, a Hundred Pounds muſt witneſs the firſt Interview.

L. *Richly.* They ſhall; and if ſhe yields a Thouſand.

Mrs. *Modern.* That you muſt not expect yet.

L. *Richly.* By Heaven I do, I have more Reaſon to expect it than you imagine; I have not been wanting to my Deſires, ſince I left you. Fortune too ſeems to

have watched for me. I got her to *Piquet*, threw away ſix Parties, and left her a Bank-Note of a Hundred for the Payment of Six Pound.

Mrs. *Modern*. And did ſhe receive it?

L. *Richly*. With the ſame Reluctancy that a Lawyer or Phyſician would a double Fee, or a Court-Prieſt a Plurality.

Mrs. *Modern*. Then there is Hope of Succeſs, indeed.

L. *Richly*. Hope, there is Certainly, the next Attack muſt carry her.

Mrs. *Modern*. You have a hundred Friends in the Garriſon, my Lord.

L. *Richly*. And if ſome of them do not open the Gates for me, the Devil's in it: I have ſucceeded often by leaving Money in a Lady's Hands; ſhe ſpends it, is unable to pay, and then I, by Virtue of my Mortgage, immediately enter upon the Premiſes.

Mrs. *Modern*. You are very generous, my Lord.

L. *Richly*. My Money ſhall always be the humble Servant of my Pleaſures; and it is the Intereſt of Men of Fortune to keep up the Price of Beauty, that they may have it more among themſelves.

Mrs. *Modern*. I am as much pleaſed, as ſurprized, at this your Proſpect of Succeſs; and from this Day forward I will think with you, all Vertue to be only Pride, Caprice, and the Fear of Shame.

L. *Richly*. Vertue, like the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, is here, there, every where, and no where at all; its Appearance is as imaginary as that of a Ghoſt; and they are much the ſame ſort of People, who are in Love with one, and afraid of the other. It is a Ghoſt which hath ſeldom haunted me, but I have had the Power of laying it.

Mrs. *Modern*. Yes, my Lord, I am a fatal Inſtance of that Power,

L. *Richly*. And the deareſt, I aſſure you, which is ſome Sacrifice to your Vanity; and ſhortly I will make an Offering to your Revenge, the two darling Paſſions of your Sex.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Modern*. But how is it poſſible for me to leave you together, without the moſt abrupt Rudeneſs?

L. *Richly*. Never regard that; as my Succeſs is ſure, ſhe will hereafter thank you for a Rudeneſs ſo ſeaſonable.

Mrs. *Modern*. Mr. *Bellamant* too will be with her.

L. *Richly*. He will be as agreeably entertained with you in the next Room, and as he does not ſuſpect the leaſt Deſign in me, he will be ſatisfied with my being in her Company.

Mrs. *Modern*. Sure, you will not attempt his Wife while he is in the Houſe.

L. *Richly*. Piſh! He is in that Dependence on my Intereſt, that, rather than forfeit my Favour, he would be himſelf her Pander. I have made twenty ſuch Men ſubſcribe themſelves Cuckolds by the Proſpect of one Place, which not one of them ever had.

Mrs. *Modern*. So that your Fools are not caught like the Fiſh in the Water by a Bait, but like the Dog in the Water by a Shadow.

L. *Richly*. Beſides I may poſſibly find a Pretence of ſending him away.

Mrs. *Modern*. Go then to the Chocolate-Houſe, and leave a Servant to bring you word of their Arrival. It will be better you ſhould come in to them than they find you here.

L. *Richly*. I will be guided by you in all things, and be aſſured the Conſummation of my Wiſhes ſhall be the Succeſs of your own. (*Exit Lord* Richly.

Mrs. *Modern*. That they ſhall, indeed, tho' in a way you little imagine: This Forwardneſs of Mrs. *Bellamant*'s meets my ſwifteſt Wiſhes: Could I once give *Bellamant* Reaſon to ſuſpect his Wife, I deſpair not of the happieſt Effect of his Paſſion for me—— Ha! he's here and alone.

SCENE III.

Mr. Bellamant, *Mrs.* Modern.

Mrs. *Modern*. Where's Mrs. *Bellamant*?

Mr. *Bella*. She will be here immediately: But I choſe a few Moments Privacy with you, firſt to deliver you this, and next to aſk you one Queſtion, which do not

be ſtartled at. Pray, how did you employ that Note you received this Morning?

Mrs. *Modern.* Nay, if you expect an Account of me, perhaps you will ſtill do ſo; ſo let me return you this.

Mr. *Bella.* Do not ſo injuriouſly miſtake me. Nothing but the moſt extraordinary Reaſon could force me to ask you; know then that the very Note you had of me this Morning, I received within this Hour from my Wife.

Mrs. *Modern.* Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. *Bella.* Why do you laugh, Madam?

Mrs *Modern.* Out of Triumph, to ſee what empty Politicians Men are found, when they oppoſe their weak Heads to ours! On my Conſcience, a Parliament of Women would be of very great Service to the Nation.

Mr. *Bella.* Were all Ladies capable as Mrs. *Modern*, I ſhould be very ready to vote on their Side.

Mrs. *Modern.* Nay, nay, Sir, you muſt not leave out your Wife, eſpecially you that have the beſt Wife in the World, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. *Bella.* Forgive me, Madam, if I have been too partial to a Woman, whoſe whole Buſineſs hath been to pleaſe me.

Mrs. *Modern.* Oh! You have no Reaſon to be aſhamed of your good Opinion; you are not ſingular in it, I aſſure you; Mrs. *Bellamant* will have more Votes than one.

Mr. *Bella.* I am indifferent how many ſhe has, ſince I am ſure ſhe will make Intereſt but for one.

Mrs. *Modern.* " *It is the Curſe of Fools to be ſecure,*
" *And that be thine and* Altamont's, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. *Bella.* I cannot gueſs your Meaning.

Mrs. *Modern.* Then to introduce my Explanation, the Note you lent me, I loſt at *Piquet* to Lord *Richly.*

Mr. *Bella.* To Lord *Richly*!

Mrs. *Modern.* Who perhaps might diſpoſe of it to ſome who might lend it to others, who might give it to thoſe who might loſe it to your Wife.

Mr. *Bella.* I know not what to ſuppoſe.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Modern.* Nor I; for ſure one cannot ſuppoſe. eſpecially ſince you have the beſt Wife in the World; one cannot ſuppoſe, that it could be a Preſent from Lord *Richly* to her ſelf, that ſhe received it, that in Return ſhe hath ſent him an Aſſignation to meet her here.

Mr. *Bella.* Suppoſe! Hell and Damnation, No.

Mrs. *Modern.* But certainly, one could not affirm that this is Truth.

Mr. *Bella.* Affirm!

Mrs. *Modern.* And yet all this is true, as true as ſhe is falſe. Nay, you ſhall have an Inſtance! an immediate undeniable Inſtance. You ſhall ſee it with your own Eyes, and hear it with your own Ears.

Mr. *Bella.* Am I alive?

Mrs. *Modern.* If all the Husbands of theſe beſt Wives in the World are dead, we are a ſtrange Nation of Ghoſts. If you will be prudent, and be like the reſt of your Brethren, keep the Affair ſecret, I aſſure you I'll never diſcover it.

Mr. *Bella.* Secret! Yes, as inward Fire, till ſure Deſtruction ſhall attend its Blaze. But why do I rage? it is impoſſible; ſhe muſt be innocent.

Mrs. *Modern.* Then Lord *Richly* is ſtill a greater Villain to belye that Innocence to me: But give your ſelf no Pain of Anxiety ſince you are ſo ſhortly to be certain. Go fetch her hither, Lord *Richly* will be here almoſt as ſoon as you; then feign ſome Excuſe to leave the Room, I will ſoon follow you, and convey you where you ſhall have an Opportunity of being a Witneſs either to her Innocence or her Guilt.

Mr. *Bella.* This Goodneſs, my ſweeteſt Creature, ſhall bind me yours for ever.

Mrs. *Modern.* To convince you That is all I deſire, I am willing to leave the Town and Reputation at once, and retire with you wherever you pleaſe.

Mr. *Bella.* That muſt be the Subject of our future Thoughts. I can think of nothing now but Satisfaction in this Affair. (*Exit.*

Mrs. *Modern.* Do you demur to my Offer, Sir! Oh, the Villain! I find, I am to be only a momentary Ob-

ject of his looſer Pleaſures, and his Wife yet ſits neareſt his Heart. But I ſhall change the Angel Form ſhe wears into a Devil's —— Nor ſhall my Revenge ſtop there——But at preſent I muſt reſolve my Temper into a Calm——*Lately.*

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Modern, Lately.

Mrs. *Modern.* Come hither, *Lately*, get me ſome Citron-Water. I am horribly out of Order.

Lately. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. *Modern.* To be ſlighted in this manner: Inſupportable! What is the Fool doing.

Lately. There is no Citron-Water left. Your Ladyſhip drank the laſt half Pint this Morning.

Mrs. *Modern.* Then bring the Cinnamon-Water, or the Surfeit-Water, or the Anniſeed-Water, or the Plague-Water, or any Water.

Lately. Here, Madam.

(*Brings the Bottle and Glaſs, and fills.*

Mrs. *Modern.* (*Drinks. Looks in the Glaſs.*) Lord, how—Lord, how I look—Oh! frightful—I am quite ſhocking.

Lately. In my Opinion your Ladyſhip never looked better.

Mrs. *Modern.* Go, you Flatterer; I look like my Lady *Grim.*

Lately. Where are your Ladyſhip's little Eyes, your ſhort Noſe, your wan Complexion, and your low Forehead?

Mrs. *Modern.* Which Nature, in order to hide, hath carefully placed between her Shoulders; ſo that if you view her behind, ſhe ſeems to walk without her Head, and leſſen the Miracle of St. *Dennis.*

Lately. Then her left Hip is tucked up under her Arm, like the Hilt of a Beau's Sword; and her diſdainful Right is never ſeen, like its Blade.

Mrs. *Modern.* Then ſhe has two Legs, one of which ſeems to be the Dwarf of the other, and are alike in nothing but their Crookedneſs.

Lately,

Lately. And yet ſhe thinks herſelf a Beauty.

Mrs. *Modern.* She is indeed, the Perfection of Uglineſs.

Lately. And a Wit I warrant you.

Mrs. *Modern.* No doubt ſhe muſt be very quick-ſighted, for her Eyes are almoſt crept into her Brain.

Lately. } He, he, he.
Mrs. *Modern.* }

Mrs. *Modern.* And yet the deteſtable Creature hath not had Senſe enough, with all her Deformity to preſerve her Reputation.

Lately. I never heard, I own, any thing againſt that.

Mrs. *Modern.* You hear, you Fool, you Dunce, what ſhould you hear? Have not all the Town heard of a certain Colonel?

Lately. Oh! Lud! what a Memory I have! Oh! yes, Madam, ſhe has been quite notorious. It is ſurprizing, a little Diſcretion ſhould not preſerve her from ſuch publick——

Mrs. *Modern.* If ſhe had my Diſcretion, or yours, *Lately.*

Lately. Your Ladyſhip will make me proud, indeed, Madam.

Mrs. *Modern.* I never could ſee any want of Senſe in you, *Lately.* I could not bear to have an inſenſible Creature about me. I know ſeveral Women of Faſhion I could not ſupport for a tiring Woman. What think you of Mrs. *Charmer?*

Lately. Think of her! that were I a Man, ſhe ſhould be the laſt Woman I attacked. I think her an ugly, ungenteel, ſquinting, flirting, impudent, odious, dirty Puſs.

Mrs. *Modern.* Upon my Word, *Lately*, you have a vaſt deal of Wit too.

Lately. I am beholden for all my Wit, as well as my Clothes, to your Ladyſhip. I wiſh, your Ladyſhip wore out as much Clothes as you do Wit; I ſhould ſoon grow rich.

Mrs. *Modern.* You ſhall not complain of either. Oh! (*Knocking.*) They are come, and I will receive them in another Room. (*Exit.*

Lately.

Lately. I know not whether my Talent of Praiſe, or of Slander, is of more Service to me; whether I get more by flattering my Lady, or abuſing all her Acquaintance.

SCENE V.

John, Lately.

John. So, Mrs. *Lately*, you forget your old Acquaintance; but Times are coming when I may be as good as another, and you may repent your Inconſtancy.

Lately, Odious Fellow!

John. I would have you to know, I look on my ſelf to be as good as your new Sweet-heart, tho' he has more Lace on his Livery, and may be a Year or two younger, and as good a Man I am too; and ſo you may tell him. Why does not he ſtay at Home? What does he come into our Family for?

Lately. Who gave you Authority to enquire, Sirrah?

John. Marry, that did you, when you gave me a Promiſe to marry me; well, I ſhall ſay no more; but Times are a coming, when you may wiſh you had not orſaken me. I have a Secret.

Lately. A Secret! Oh, let me hear it.

John. No, no, Miſtreſs, I ſhall keep my Secrets as well as you can yours.

Lately. Nay, now you are unkind; you know, tho' I ſuffer *Tom Briſk* to viſit me, you have my Heart ſtill.

John. Ah! you do but ſay ſo! you know too well how much I love you. Then I'll tell you, my Dear, I am going to the Devil for you.

Lately. The Devil, you are. Going to the Devil for me! what does the Fool mean?

John. Ay, I am to get a hundred Pounds that you may marry me.

Lately. A hundred Pounds! and how are you to get a hundred Pounds, my dear *John*?

John. Only by a little Swearing.

Lately. What are you to ſwear?

John. Nay, if I tell you, it would be double Perjury; for I have ſworn already, I would not truſt it with any Body.

Lately. Oh! but you may truſt me.

John.

John. And if you ſhould truſt ſome Body elſe.

Lately. The Devil fetch me, if I do.

John. Then my Maſter is to give me an hundred Pound to ſwear that he is a Cuckold.

Lately. What's this?

John. Why, my Maſter has offer'd me an hundred Pound, if I diſcover my Lady and Mr. *Bellamant* in a proper Manner; and let me but ſee them together, I'll ſwear to the Manner, I warrant you.

Lately. But can you do this with a ſafe Conſcience?

John. Conſcience, pſhaw; which would you chooſe, a Husband with a hundred Pound, or a ſafe Conſcience? Come give me a Dram out of your Miſtreſs's Cloſet; and there I'll tell you more.

Lately. Come along with me.

SCENE VI.

SCENE *changes to another Apartment.*

Lord Richly, *Mr.* Bellamant, *Mrs.* Bellamant, *Mrs.* Modern.

L. *Richly.* Well, Madam, you have drawn a moſt delightful Sketch of Life.

Mrs. *Modern.* Then it is *ſtill Life*; for I dare ſwear there never were ſuch People breathing.

Mrs. *Bella.* Don't you believe then, Madam, it is poſſible for a married Couple to be happy in one another, without deſiring any other Company?

Mrs. *Modern.* Indeed, I do not know what it may have been in the Plains of *Arcadia*; but truly, in thoſe of *Great-Britain*, I believe not.

L. *Richly.* I muſt ſubſcribe to that too.

Mrs. *Bella.* Mr. *Bellamant* what ſay you?

Mr. *Bella.* Oh! my Dear, I am entirely of your Mind.

L. *Richly.* This is a Miracle almoſt equal to the other, to ſee a Husband and Wife of the ſame Opinion. I muſt be a Convert too; for it would be the greateſt Miracle of all to find Mrs. *Bellamant* in the wrong.

Mrs. *Bella.* It would be a much greater to find want of Complaiſance in Lord *Richly*.

Mr. *Bella.* (*Aſide.*) Hell and Damnation!

Mrs.

Mrs. *Modern.* Nay, Madam, this is hardly ſo; for I have heard his Lordſhip ſay the ſame in your Abſence.

L. *Richly.* Dear *Bellamant*, I believe, I have had an Opportunity to ſerve you this Afternoon. I have ſpoke to Lord *Powerful*, he ſays he is very willing to do for you. Sir *Peter*, they tell me, is given over, and I fancy, you may find my Lord at Home now.

Mr. *Bella.* I ſhall take another Opportunity, my Lord, a particular Affair now preventing me.

L. *Richly.* The Loſs of an Hour hath been often the Loſs of a Place; and unleſs you have ſomething of greater Conſequence, I muſt adviſe you as a Friend.

Mr. *Bella.* I ſhall find a Method of thanking you. (*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Modern.* Make this a Handle to ſlip out, I'll come into the next Room to you. (*Aſide to Mr.* Bellamant.

Mr. *Bella.* My Lord, I am very much obliged to your Friendſhip. My Dear, I'll call on you in my Return: Mrs. *Modern*, I am your humble Servant.

SCENE VII.

Lord Richly, *Mrs.* Bellamant, *Mrs.* Modern.

L. *Richly.* I wiſh you Succeſs, you may command any thing in my Power to forward it.

Mrs. *Bella.* Mr. *Bellamant* is more indebted to your Lordſhip, than he will be ever able to pay.

L. *Richly.* Mr. *Bellamant*, Madam has a Friend, who is able to pay more Obligations than I can lay on him.

Mrs. *Modern.* I am forc'd to be guilty of a great piece of Rudeneſs, by leaving you one Moment.

L. *Richly.* And I ſhall not be guilty of loſing it. (*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Bella.* What can this mean? (*Aſide.*

SCENE VIII.

Lord Richly, *Mrs.* Bellamant.

L. *Richly.* And can you, Madam, think of retiring from the general Admiration of Mankind?

Mrs. *Bella.* With Pleaſure, my Lord, to the particular Admiration of him who is to me all Mankind.

L. *Richly.* Is it poſſible any Man can be ſo happy?

Mrs. *Bella.* I hope, my Lord, you think Mr. *Bellamant* ſo.

L.

L. *Richly.* If he be, I pity him much leſs for his Loſſes, than I envy him the Love of her in whoſe Power it may be to redreſs them.

Mrs. *Bella.* You ſurprize me, my Lord: In my Power!

L. *Richly.* Yes, Madam; for whatever is in the Power of Man, is in yours: I am ſure, what little Aſſiſtance mine can give, is readily at your Devotion. My Intereſt and Fortune are all in theſe dear Hands; in ſhort, Madam, I have languiſh'd a long time for an Opportunity to tell you, that I have the moſt violent Paſſion for you.

Mrs. *Bella.* My Lord, I have been unwilling to underſtand you; but now your Expreſſion leaves me no other Doubt, but whether I hate or deſpiſe you moſt.

L. *Richly.* Are theſe the ungrateful Returns you give my Love?

Mrs. *Bella.* Is this the Friendſhip you have profeſs'd to Mr. *Bellamant*?

L. *Richly.* I'll make his Fortune. Let this be an Inſtance of my future Favours.

(*Puts a Bank-Note in her Hand; ſhe throws it away.*

Mrs. *Bella.* And this of my Reception of them. Be aſſur'd, my Lord, if you ever renew this unmannerly Attack on my Honour, I will be reveng'd; my Husband ſhall know his Obligations to you.

L. *Richly.* I have gone too far to retreat, Madam; if I cannot be the Object of your Love, let me be oblig'd to your Prudence. How many Families are ſupported by this Method which you ſtart at? Does not many a Woman in this Town drive her Husband's Coach?

Mrs. *Bella.* My Lord, this Inſolence is intolerable, and from this Hour I never will ſee your Face again.

(*A Noiſe without.*

L. *Richly.* Hey! what is the meaning of this?

SCENE IX.

Mr. Modern *with Servants.* *Mr.* Bellamant, *Mrs.* Modern, *Lord* Richly, *Mrs.* Bellamant.

Mr. *Modern.* Come out, Strumpet, ſhow thy Face and thy Adulterer's before the World; thou ſhalt be a ſevere

ſevere Example of the Vengeance of an injur'd Huſband.

L. *Richly.* I have no farther Buſineſs here at preſent; for I fear, more Husbands have diſcover'd Injuries, than one. (*Exit.*

Mrs. *Bella.* Protect me, Heavens! what do I ſee!

Mr. *Bella.* This was a Maſter-piece of my evil Genius.

Mrs. *Modern.* Sir, this Inſult upon my Reputation ſhall not go unreveng'd; I have Relations, Brothers who will defend their Siſter's Fame from the baſe Attacks of a perfidious Husband, from any Shame he would bring on her Innocence.

Mr. *Modern.* Thou haſt a Forehead that would defend it ſelf from any Shame whatſoever; that you have grafted on my Forehead, I thank you and this worthy Gentleman.

Mrs. *Modern.* Sir, you ſhall ſmart for the Falſhood of this Accuſation. (*Exit.*

Mr. *Modern.* Madam, you ſhall ſmart for the Truth of it; this honeſt Man, (*Pointing to the Servant.*) is Evidence of the Fact of your Diſhonour and mine. And for you, Sir, (*To* Bellamant.) you may depend upon it, I ſhall take the ſtricteſt Satisfaction which the Law will give me: ſo I ſhall leave you at preſent, to give Satisfaction to your Wife. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Mr. Bellamant, *Mrs.* Bellamant.

Mr. *Bella.* (*After ſome Pauſe.*) When the Criminal turns his own Accuſer, the merciful Judge becomes his Advocate: Guilt is too plainly written in my Face to admit of a Denial, and I ſtand prepar'd to receive what Sentence you pleaſe.

Mrs. *Bella.* As you are your own Accuſer, be your own Judge; you can inflict no Puniſhment on your ſelf equal to what I feel.

Mr. *Bella.* Death has no Terrors equal to that Thought. Ha! I have involv'd thee too in my Ruin, and thou muſt be the wretched Partaker of my Misfortunes.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bella*. While I was aſſur'd of your Truth, I could have thought that Happineſs enough: yet, I have ſtill this to comfort me, the ſame Moment that has betray'd your Guilt, has diſcover'd my Innocence.

Mr. *Bella*. Oh! thou ungrateful Fool, what Stores of Bliſs haſt thou in one vicious Moment deſtroy'd! (*To himſelf.*) Oh! my Angel, how have I requited all your Love and Goodneſs? For what have I forſaken thy tender virtuous Paſſion?

Mrs. *Bella*. For a new one. How could I be ſo eaſily deceiv'd? How could I imagine there was ſuch Truth in Man, in that inconſtant fickle Sex, who are ſo prone to Change; that to indulge their Fondneſs for Variety, they would grow weary of a Paradiſe to wander in a Deſert?

Mr. *Bella*. How weak is that Compariſon to ſhew the Difference between thee, and every other Woman!

Mrs. *Bella*. I once had that Eſteem of you; but hereafter, I ſhall think all Men the ſame; and when I have wean'd my ſelf of my Love for you, will hate them all alike.

Mr. *Bella*. Thy Sentence is too juſt. I own, I have deſerv'd it, I never merited ſo good a Wife. Heaven ſaw it had given too much, and thus has taken the Bleſſing from me.

Mrs. *Bella*. You will ſoon think otherwiſe. If Abſence from me can bring you to thoſe Thoughts, I am reſolv'd to favour them.

Mr. *Bella*. Thou ſhalt enjoy thy Wiſh, we will part, part this Night, this Hour. Yet let me ask one Favour, the Ring which was a Witneſs of our Meeting, let it be ſo of our Separation. Let me bear this as a Memorial of our Love. This ſhall remind me of all the tender Moments we have had together, and ſerve to aggravate my Sorrows: Henceforth, I'll ſtudy only to be miſerable; let Heaven make you happy, and curſe me as it pleaſes.

Mrs. *Bella*. It cannot make me more wretched than you have made me.

Mr. *Bella*. Yet, do believe me when I ſwear, I never injur'd you with any other Woman. Nay, believe me when

when I ſwear how much ſoever I may have deſery'd the Shame I ſuffer, I did not now deſerve it.

Mrs. *Bella*. And, muſt we part?

Mr. *Bella*. Since it obliges you.

Mrs. *Bella*. That I may have nothing to remember you by, take back this, and this, and this, and all the thouſand Embraces thou haſt given me—till I die in thy loved Arms——and thus we part for ever.

Mr. *Bella*. Ha!

Mrs. *Bella*. Oh! I forgive thee all: forget it as a frightful Dream——it was no more, and I awake to real Joy.

Mr. *Bella*. Oh! let me preſs thee to my Heart; for every Moment that I hold thee thus, gives Bliſs beyond Expreſſion, a Bliſs no Vice can give. Now Life appears deſirable again. Yet ſhall I not ſee thee miſerable? Shall I not ſee my Children ſuffer for their Father's Crime?

Mrs. *Bella*. Indulge no more uneaſy Thoughts; Fortune may have Bleſſings yet in ſtore for us and them.

Mr. *Bella*. Excellent Goodneſs! my future Days ſhall have no Wiſh, no Labour, but for thy Happineſs; and from this Hour, I'll never give thee Cauſe of a Complaint.

And whatſoever Rocks our Fates may lay
In Life's hard Paſſage to obſtruct our way;
Patient the toilſome Journey I'll abide,
And bleſs my Fortune with ſo dear a Guide.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mr.* Bellamant's *Houſe.*

Emilia *ſpeaking to a Servant, afterwards Lady* Charlotte.

Emilia. IT is very ſtrange you will not give me the Liberty of denying my ſelf; that you will force me to be at Home, whether I will or no.

Serv. I had no ſuch Order from your Ladyſhip.

Emilia. Well, well, go wait upon her up. I am but in an ill Humour to receive ſuch a Viſit; I muſt try to make it as ſhort as I can.

La. *Charl. Emilia,* Good-morrow t Am not I an early Creature? I have been ſo frightned with ſome News I have heard ——— I am heartily concern'd for you, my Dear, I hope the Fright has not done you any Miſchief.

Emilia. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, Lady *Charlotte.*

La. *Charl.* Oh! I could not ſtay one Moment; you ſee, I hurried into my Chair to you half undreſt; never was Creature in ſuch a Pickle, ſo frightful; Lud! I was oblig'd to draw all the Curtains round me.

Emilia. I don't perceive you had any Reaſon for that, Lady *Charlotte.*

La. *Charl.* Why, did you ever ſee any thing ſo hideous, ſo odious as this Gown? Well, *Emilia,* you certainly have the prettieſt Fancy in the World. I like what you have on now, better than Lady *Pinup's,* tho' hers coſt ſo much more. Some People have the ſtrangeſt way of laying out their Money. You remember our Engagement to-night.

Emilia. You muſt excuſe me; it will look very odd to ſee me abroad on this Occaſion.

La.

La. *Charl.* Not odd in the leaſt. No Body minds theſe Things. There's no Rule upon ſuch Occaſions. Sure, you don't intend to ſtay at Home, and receive formal Viſits.

Emilia. No; but I intend to ſtay at home, and receive no Viſits.

La. *Charl.* Why Child, you will be laugh'd at by all the Town. There never was ſuch a Thing done in the World; ſtaying at Home is quite left off upon all Occaſions; a Woman ſcarce ſtays at Home a Week for the Death of a Husband. Dear *Emilia*, don't be ſo aukward: I can make no Excuſe for you; Lady *Polite* will never forgive you.

Emilia. That I ſhall be ſorry for: but I had rather not be forgiven by her, than by my ſelf.

SCENE II.

Captain Bellamant, *Lady* Charlotte, Emilia.

Cap. *Bella* Siſter, Good-morrow; Lady *Charlotte* abroad ſo early!

La. *Charl.* You may well be ſurpriz'd; I have not been out at this Hour, theſe fifty Years.

Cap. *Bella.* You will never be able to hold it out till Night.

Emilia. (*Aſide.*) I am ſure if ſhe ſhould take it in her Head to ſtay with me, I ſhall not: And unleſs ſome dear Creature, like her ſelf, ſhould come and take her away, I ſeem to be in Danger.

La. *Charl.* (*To* Bellamant *after a Whiſper.*) Don't tell me of what I ſaid laſt Night. Laſt Night was laſt Year, an Age ago: and I have the worſt Memory in the World.

Cap. *Bella.* You ſeem to want one, egad!

La. *Charl.* Indeed, I do not. A Memory would be of no Uſe to me; for I was never of the ſame Mind twice in my Life: and tho' I ſhould remember what I ſaid at one Time, I ſhould as certainly remember not to do it at another.

Cap. *Bella.* You dear agreeable Creature! Sure, never two People were ſo like one another as you and I are. We think alike, we act alike, and ſome People think, we are very much alike in the Face.

La.

La. *Charl.* Do you hear him, *Emilia*? He has made one of the moſt ſhocking Compliments to me; I believe, I ſhall never be able to bear a Looking-glaſs again.

Cap. *Bella.* Faith, and if it was not for the Help of a Looking-glaſs, you would be the moſt unhappy Creature in the World.

La. *Charl.* Impertinent!

Cap. *Bella.* For then you would be the only Perſon debarr'd from ſeeing the fineſt Face in the World.

Emilia. Very fine indeed.

La. *Charl.* Civil enough. I think, I begin to endure the Wretch again now.

Cap. *Bella.* Keep but in that Mind half an Hour——

La. *Charl. Emilia,* Good-morrow, will you excuſe the Shortneſs of my Viſit.

Emilia. No Apologies on that Account, Lady *Charlotte.*

La. *Charl.* You are a good Creature, and know the continual Hurry of Buſineſs I am in——Don't you follow me, you Thing, you! (*To Cap.* Bellamant.

Cap. *Bella.* Indeed, Lady *Charlotte,* but I ſhall, and I hope to ſome Purpoſe. (*Aſide.*

SCENE III.

Emilia *alone.*

Emilia. So, I am once more left to my own Thoughts. Heav'n knows, they are like to afford me little Entertainment. Oh! *Gaywit*! too much I ſympathize with thy Uneaſineſs. Didſt thou know the Pangs I feel on thy Account, thy generous Heart would ſuffer more on mine. Ha! my Words have rais'd a Spirit.

SCENE IV.

Emilia, *Mr.* Gaywit.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I hope, Madam, you will excuſe a Viſit at ſo unſeaſonable an Hour.

Emilia. Had you come a little earlier, you had met a Miſtreſs here.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I met the Lady you mean, Madam, at the Door, and Captain *Bellamant* with her.

Emilia. You are the moſt Cavalier Lover I know, you are no more jealous of a Rival with your Miſtreſs, than the moſt polite Husband is of one with his Wife.

Mr.

Mr. *Gaywit.* A Man ſhould not be jealous of his Friend, Madam, and I believe, Captain *Bellamant* will be ſuch to me in the higheſt Manner. I wiſh I were ſo bleſt in another Heart, as he appears to be in Lady *Charlotte*'s. I wiſh, I were as certain of gaining the Woman I do love, as of loſing her I do not.

Emilia. I ſuppoſe, if your Amour be of any Date, you can eaſily gueſs at the Impreſſions you have made.

Mr. *Gaywit.* No, nor can ſhe gueſs at the Impreſſion I ſhe has made on me; for unleſs my Eyes have done it, I never acquainted her with my Paſſion.

Emilia. And that your Eyes have done it, you may be aſſur'd, if you have ſeen her often. The Love that can be conceal'd, muſt be very cold indeed; but, methinks, it is ſomething particular in you to deſire to conceal it.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I have been always fearful to diſcloſe a Paſſion, which I know not whether it be in my Power to purſue. I would not even have given her the Uneaſineſs to pity me, much leſs have tried to raiſe her Love.

Emilia. If you are ſo tender of her, take care you never let her ſuſpect ſo much Generoſity. That may give her a ſecret Pang.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Heaven forbid it ſhould, one equal to thoſe I feel; leſt, while I am endeavouring to make my Addreſſes practicable, ſhe ſhould unadviſedly receive thoſe of another.

Emilia. If ſhe can diſcover your Love as plain as I can, I think you may be eaſy on that Account.

Mr. *Gaywit.* He muſt dote like me who can conceive the Ecſtaſy theſe Words have given.

Emilia. (*Knocking.*) Come in.

Serv. Your Honour's Servant, Sir, is below.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I come to him——Madam, your moſt obedient Servant; I go on Buſineſs which will by Noon give me the Satisfaction of thinking I have preſerv'd the beſt of Fathers to the beſt of Women.

Emilia.

Emilia. I know, he means mine; but why do I mention that, when every Action of his Life leaves me no other Doubt than whether it convinces me more of his Love, or of his deserving mine.

SCENE V. *Lord* Richly's *House.*

Lord Richly, Servant.

L. *Richly.* Desire Mr. *Bellamant* to walk in. What can the Meaning of this Visit be? Perhaps, he comes to make me Proposals concerning his Wife; but my Love shall not get so far the better of my Reason, as to lead me to an extravagant Price; I'll not go above two Thousand, that's positive.

SCENE VI.

Lord Richly, *Mr.* Bellamant.

L. *Richly.* My dear *Bellamant,*

Mr. *Bella.* My Lord, I have receiv'd an Obligation from you, which I thus return.

(*Gives him a Bank-Bill.*

L. *Richly.* Pshaw! Trifles of this Nature can hardly be call'd Obligations; I would do twenty times as much for dear *Jack Bellamant.*

Mr. *Bella.* The Obligation indeed was to my Wife, nor hath she made you a small Return; since it is to her intreaty you owe your present Safety, your Life.

L. *Richly.* I am not appriz'd of the Danger; but would owe my Safety to no one, sooner than to Mrs. *Bellamant.*

Mr. *Bella.* Come, come, my Lord; this Prevarication is low and mean: You know, you have us'd me basely, villanously; and under the Cover of Acquaintance and Friendship have attempted to corrupt my Wife; for which, but that I would not suffer the least Breath of Scandal to sully her Reputation, I would exact such Vengeance on thee ——

L. *Richly.* Sir, I must acquaint you, that this is a Language I have not been us'd to.

Mr. *Bella.* No, the Language of Flatterers and hireling Sycophants has been what you have dealt in —— Wretches, whose Honour and Love are as venal as their Praise. Such your Title might awe, or your Riches bribe

bribe to Silence; ſuch you ſhould have dealt with, and not have dared to injure a Man of Honour.

L. *Richly.* This is ſuch Preſumption.

Mr. *Bella.* No, my Lord, yours was the Preſumption, mine is only Juſtice, nay, and mild too; unequal to your Crime which requires a Puniſhment from my Hand, not from my Tongue.

L. *Richly.* Do you conſider who I am?

Mr. *Bella.* Were you as high as Heraldry could lift you, you ſhould not injure me unpuniſh'd. Where Grandeur can give Licence to Oppreſſion, the People muſt be Slaves, let them boaſt what Liberty they pleaſe.

L. *Richly.* Sir, you ſhall hear of this.

M. *Bella.* I ſhall be ready to juſtify my Words by any Action you dare provoke me to: And be aſſur'd of this, if ever I diſcover any future Attempts of yours to my Diſhonour, your Life ſhall be its Sacrifice. Hence forward, my Lord, let us behave, as if we had never known one another. (*Exit.*

L. *Richly.* Here's your Man of Senſe now, ——— He was half ruin'd in the Houſe of Lords a few Days ago, and is in a fair Way of going the other Step in *Weſtminſter-Hall* in a few Days more; yet, has the Impudence to threaten a Man of my Fortune and Quality, for attempting to debauch his Wife; which many a Fool, who rides in his Coach and Six, would have had Senſe enough to have wink'd at.

SCENE VII.

Lord Richly, *Mr.* Gaywit.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Your Lordſhip is contemplative.

L. *Richly.* So, Nephew, by this early Viſit, I ſuppoſe you had ill Luck laſt Night; for where Fortune frowns on you, ſhe always ſmiles on me, by bleſſing me with your Company.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I have long ſince put it out of the Power of Fortune to do me either Favour or Injury My Happineſs is now in the Power of another Miſtreſs.

L. *Richly.* And thou art too pretty a Fellow not to have that Miſtreſs in your Power.

Mr. *Gaywit.* The Poſſeſſion of her, and in her of all my Deſires, depends on your Conſent.

L.

L. *Richly*. You know, *Harry*, you have my Conſent to poſſeſs all the Women in Town, except thoſe few that I am particular with: Provided you fall not foul on mine, you may board and plunder what Veſſels you pleaſe.

Mr. *Gaywit*. This is a Veſſel, my Lord, neither to be taken by force, nor hired by Gold. I muſt buy her for Life, or not board at all.

L. *Richly*. Then the principal thing to be conſider'd, is her Cargo. To marry a Woman meerly for her Perſon, is buying an empty Veſſel: And a Woman is a Veſſel, which a Man will grow curſed weary of in a long Voyage.

Mr. *Gaywit*. My Lord, I have had ſome Experience in Women, and I believe, that I never could be weary of the Woman I now love.

L. *Richly*. Let me tell you, I have had ſome Experience too, and I have been weary of forty Women that I have lov'd.

Mr. *Gaywit*. And, perhaps, in all that Variety, you may not have found one of equal Excellence with her I mean.

L. *Richly*. And pray, who is this Paragon you mean?

Mr. *Gaywit*. Muſt I, my Lord, when I have painted the fineſt Woman in the World, be oblig'd to write Miſs *Bellamant*'s Name to the Picture?

L. *Richly*. Miſs *Bellamant*!

Mr. *Gaywit*. Yes, Miſs *Bellamant*.

L. *Richly*. You know Sir, Mr. *Bellamant*'s Loſſes; you know what happen'd Yeſterday, which may entirely finiſh his Ruin; and the Conſequence of his Ruin muſt be the Ruin of his Daughter: Which will certainly throw her Vertue into your Power; for Poverty as ſurely brings a Woman to Capitulation, as Scarcity of Proviſion does a Garriſon.

Mr. *Gaywit*. I cannot take this Advice, my Lord: I would not take Advantage from the Misfortunes of any; but ſurely, not of the Woman I love.

L. *Richly*. Well, Sir, you ſhall ask me no more; for if my Conſent to your Ruin will oblige you, you have it.

Mr. *Gaywit.* My Lord, I ſhall ever remember this Goodneſs, and will be ready to ſign any Inſtrument to ſecure a very large Fortune to Lady *Charlotte* when you pleaſe.

SCENE VIII.

Lord Richly *ſolus.*

L. *Richly.* Now if he takes my Conſent from my own Word, I may deny it afterwards, ſo I gain the whole Eſtate for my Daughter, and bring an entire Deſtruction upon *Bellamant* and his whole Family: Charming Thought! that would be a Revenge, indeed; nay, it may accompliſh all my Wiſhes too; Mrs. *Bellamant* may be mine at laſt.

SCENE IX.

Lord Richly, *Mr.* Modern.

Mr. *Modern.* My Lord, I was honour'd with your Commands.

L. *Richly.* I believe, I ſhall procure the Place for you, Sir.

Mr. *Modern.* My Obligations to your Lordſhip are ſo infinite, that I muſt always be your Slave.

L. *Richly.* I am concern'd for your Misfortune, Mr. *Modern.*

Mr. *Modern.* It is a common Misfortune, my Lord, to have a bad Wife. I am ſomething happier than my Brethren in the Diſcovery.

L. *Richly.* That, indeed, may make you amends more ways than one. I cannot diſſuade you from the moſt rigorous Proſecution; for, tho' dear *Jack Bellamant* be my particular Friend, yet in Caſes of this nature, even Friendſhip it ſelf muſt be thrown up. Injuries of this nature are not to be forgiven.

Mr. *Modern.* Very true, my Lord; he has robb'd me of the Affections of a Wife, whom I have lov'd as tenderly as my ſelf: Forgive my Tears, my Lord——— I have loſt all I hold dear in this World.

L. *Richly.* I pity you, indeed; but comfort your ſelf with the Hopes of Revenge.

Mr. *Modern.* Alas! my Lord, what Revenge can equal the Diſhonour he has brought upon my Family? Think on that, my Lord; on the Diſhonour I muſt endure.

endure. I cannot name the Title they will give me.

L. *Richly.* It is ſhocking, indeed!

Mr. *Modern.* My eaſe for ever loſt, my Quiet gone, my Honour ſtain'd, my Honour, my Lord. Oh! 'tis a tender Wound.

L. *Richly.* Laws cannot be too rigorous againſt Offences of this Nature: Juries cannot give too great Damages. To attempt the Wife of a Friend——To what Wickedneſs will Men arrive?——Mr. *Modern*, I own, I cannot blame you in puſhing your Revenge to the utmoſt Extremity.

Mr. *Modern.* That I am reſolv'd on. I have juſt receiv'd an Appointment from your Lordſhip's Nephew, Mr. *Gaywit*; I ſuppoſe to give me ſome Advice in the Affair.

L. *Richly.* (*Aſide.*) Ha! that muſt be to diſſuade him from the Proſecution——Mr. *Modern*, if you pleaſe, I'll ſet you down, I have ſome particular Buſineſs with him: beſides, if he knows any thing that can be of Service to you, my Commands ſhall enforce the Diſcovery Bid the Coachman pull up.

Mr. *Modern.* I am the moſt oblig'd of all your Lordſhip's Slaves.

SCENE X. *Another Apartment.*

Lady Charlotte, *Captain* Bellamant *and* Servant.

La. *Charl.* My Lord gone out! then d'ye hear! I am at home to no Body.

Cap. *Bella.* That's kind, indeed, Lady *Charlotte*, to let me have you all to my ſelf.

La. *Charl.* You! you confident thing! how came you here? don't you remember, I bade you not to follow me?

Cap. *Bella.* Yes, but it's ſo long ago, that I'm ſurpriz'd you ſhould remember it.

La. *Charl.* Indeed, Sir, I always remember to avoid what I don't like. I ſuppoſe you don't know that I hate you of all things.

Cap. *Bella.* Not I, upon my Soul! the Duce take me, if I did not think, you had lik'd me, as well as I lik'd you, ha, ha.

La. *Charl.* I like you, impoſſible! why don't you know, that you are very ugly? Cap.

Cap. *Bella.* Pſhaw! that's nothing; that will all go off; a Month's Marriage takes off the Homelineſs of a Husband's Face, as much as it does the Beauty of a Wife's.

La. *Charl.* And ſo you would inſinuate that I might be your Wife? O horrible! ſhocking Thought!

Cap. *Bella.* Nay, Madam, I am as much frighten'd at the Thoughts of Marriage, as you can be.

La. *Charl.* Indeed, Sir, you need not be under any Apprehenſions of that kind upon my Account.

Cap. *Bella.* Indeed, but I am, Madam; for what an unconſolable Creature wou'd you be, if I ſhou'd take it in my Head to marry any other Woman.

La. *Charl.* Well, he has ſuch an exceſſive Aſſurance that I am not really ſure, whether he is not agreeable. Let me die, if I am not under ſome ſort of Suſpenſe about it——and yet I amn't neither——for to be ſure I don't like the thing——and yet methinks, I do too——and yet I do not know what I ſhould do with him neither——Hi! hi! hi! this is the fooliſheſt Circumſtance that ever I knew in my Life.

Cap. *Bella.* Very well! ſure, Marriage begins to run in your Head at laſt, Madam.

La. *Charl. Apropos!* do you know that t'other Day, Lady *Betty Shuttlecock* and I laid down the prettieſt Scheme of Matrimony, that ever enter'd into the Taſte of People of Condition.

Cap. *Bella.* O! pray let's hear it.

La. *Charl.* In the firſt place then, when ever ſhe or I marry, I am reſolv'd poſitively to be Miſtreſs of my ſelf; I muſt have my Houſe to my ſelf, my Coach to my ſelf, my Servants to my ſelf, my Table, Time, and Company to my ſelf; Nay, and ſometimes when I have a mind to be out of Humour, my Bed to my ſelf.

Cap. *Bella.* Right, Madam, for a Wife and a Husband always together, are, to be ſure, the flatteſt Company in the World.

La *Charl.* O deteſtable! then I will be ſure to have my own Humour in ev'ry thing; to go, come, dine, dance, play, ſup, at all Hours, and in whatever Company I have a mind to; and if ever he pretends to put

on

on a grave Face, upon my enjoying any one of thoſe Articles, I am to burſt out in his Face a laughing. Won't that be prodigious pleaſant? ha! ha! ha!

Cap. *Bella.* O charmingly charming! ha, ha, what a contemptible Creature is a Woman, that never does any thing, without conſulting her Husband?

La. *Charl.* Nay, there you're miſtaken again, Sir: For I would never do any thing without conſulting my Husband.

Cap. *Bella.* How ſo, dear Madam?

La. *Charl.* Becauſe ſometimes one may happen to be ſo low in Spirits, as not to know one's own Mind; and then, you know, if a fooliſh Husband ſhould happen to ſay a Word on either Side, why one determines on the contrary without any farther Trouble.

Cap. *Bella.* Right, Madam, and a thouſand to one, but the happy Rogue, your Husband, might warm his indolent Inclinations too from the ſame Spirit of Contradiction, ha, ha.

La. *Charl.* Well, am ſo paſſionately fond of my own Humour, That let me die, if a Husband were to inſiſt upon my never miſſing any one Diverſion this Town affords, I believe in my Conſcience, I ſhould go twice a Day to Church, to avoid 'em.

Cap. *Bella.* O fy! you could not be ſo unfaſhionable a Creature!

La. *Charl.* Ay, but I would tho'. I do not care what I do, when I'm vext.

Cap. *Bella.* Well! let me periſh, this is a moſt delectable Scheme. Don't you think, Madam, we ſhall be vaſtly happy?

La. *Charl.* We, what we? pray, who do you mean, Sir?

Cap. *Bella.* Why, Lady *Betty Shuttlecock* and I: Why you muſt know this is the very Scheme ſhe laid down to me laſt Night; which ſo vaſtly charm'd me, that we reſolv'd to be married upon't to-morrow Morning.

La. *Charl.* What do you mean?

Cap. *Bella.* Only to take your Advice, Madam, by allowing my Wife all the modiſh Privileges, that you ſeem ſo paſſionately fond of

La. Charl. Your Wife? why, who's to be your Wife, pray? you don't think of me, I hope.

Cap. *Bella.* One wou'd think, you thought I did: for you refuſe me as odly, as if I had ask'd you the Queſtion: Not, but I ſuppoſe, you would have me think now, you have refus'd me in earneſt.

La. *Charl.* Ha! ha! ha! that's well enough; why, ſweet Sir, do you really think I am not in Earneſt?

Cap. *Bella.* No faith, I can't think you're ſo ſilly, as to refuſe me in Earneſt, when I only ask'd you in Jeſt. *(Both.)* Ha! ha! ha!

La. *Charl.* Ridiculous!

Cap. *Bella.* Delightful! well, after all, I am a ſtrange Creature to be ſo merry, when I am juſt going to be married.

La. *Charl.* And had you ever the Aſſurance to think I would have you?

Cap. *Bella.* Why, faith! I don't know, but I might, if I had ever made love to you.—Well, Lady *Charlotte*, your Servant. I ſuppoſe you'll come and viſit my Wife, as ſoon as ever ſhe ſees Company.

La. *Charl.* What do you mean?

Cap. *Bella.* Seriouſly what I ſay, Madam; I am juſt now going to my Lawyer to ſign my Marriage Articles with Lady *Betty Shuttlecock.*

La. *Charl.* And are you going in Earneſt?

Cap. *Bella.* Poſitively. Seriouſly.

La. *Charl.* Then I muſt take the Liberty to tell you, Sir, you are the greateſt Villain that ever liv'd upon the Face of the Earth.

Cap. *Bella.* Ha! what do I ſee? *(She burſts into Tears.)* Is it poſſible! O my dear! dear Lady *Charlotte*, can I believe my ſelf the Cauſe of theſe tranſporting Tears! O! till this Inſtant never did I taſte of Happineſs.

La. *Charl.* Ha! ha! nor I upon my Faith, Sir! Ha! ha!

Cap. *Bella.* Hey day! what do you mean?

La. *Charl.* That you are one of the ſillieſt Animals, that ever open'd his Lips to a Woman—Ha! ha! O I ſhall die! ha! ha!

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Letter for you.

Cap. *Bella.* So, it's come in good time. If this does not give her a turn, Egad, I shall have all my Plague to go over again — Lady *Charlotte*, you'll give me leave.

La. *Charl.* O Sir! *Billet doux* are exempt from Ceremony. Ha! ha!

Cap. *Bella.* (*After reading to himself.*) Ha! ha! Well, my dear Lady *Charlotte*, I am vaſtly glad to ſee you are ſo eaſy; upon my Soul, I was afraid you was really in love with me; But ſince I need have no farther Apprehenſions of it, I know you won't take it ill, if I obey the Summons of my Wife, that is to be—Lady *Betty* has ſent for me—You'll excuſe me if I am confin'd a Week or two, with my Wife for the preſent; When that's over, you and I will laugh and ſing, and coquette as much as ever we did, and ſo dear Lady *Charlotte*, your humble Servant. (*Exit.*

L. *Charl.* What can the Creature mean? I know not what to think of him! ſure it can't be true! but if it ſhould be true—I can't believe it true—and yet it may be true too—I am reſolv'd to be ſatisfied—Here, who's there! will no Body hear? Who's there, I ſay.

Enter Servant.

Deſire Captain *Bellamant* to ſtep back again.

Serv. He's juſt gone out, Madam.

La. *Charl.* Then it's certainly true—get me a Chair this Moment—this Inſtant—go, run, fly! I am in ſuch a Hurry, I don't know what I do. O hideous! I look horridly frightful—but I'll follow him juſt as I am—I'll go to Lady *Betty's*—If I find him there, I ſhall certainly faint. I muſt take a little Hartſhorn with me. (*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Mrs. *Modern, meeting in his Lodgings.*

Mr. *Gaywit.* This is exactly the Time I appointed her to meet me here. Ha! ſhe comes, you are punctual as a young Lover to his firſt Appointment.

Mrs. *Modern.*

Mrs. *Modern.* Women commonly begin to be moſt punctual, when Men leave it off; our Paſſions ſeldom reach their Meridian, before yours ſet.

Mr. *Gaywit.* We can no more help the Decreaſe of our Paſſions, than you the Increaſe of yours; and tho' like the Sun I was obliged to quit your Hemiſphere, I have left you a Moon to ſhine in it.

Mrs. *Modern.* What do you mean?

Mr. *Gaywit.* I ſuppoſe you are by this no Stranger to the Fondneſs of the Gentleman I introduced to you; nor will you ſhortly be to his Generoſity. He is one who has more Money than Brains, and more Generoſity than Money.

Mrs. *Modern.* Oh! *Gaywit!* I am undone: You will too ſoon know how; will hear it perhaps with Pleaſure, ſince it is too plain by betraying me to your Friend; I have no longer any Share in your Love.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Blame not my Inconſtancy, but your own.

Mrs. *Modern.* By all our Joys I never loved another.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Nay, will you deny what Conviction has long ſince conſtrained you to own? Will you deny your Favours to Lord *Richly?*

Mrs. *Modern.* He had indeed my Perſon, but you alone my Heart.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I always take a Woman's Perſon to be the ſtrongeſt Aſſurance of her Heart. I think, the Love of a Miſtreſs who gives up her Perſon, is no more to be doubted than the Love of a Friend who gives you his Purſe.

Mrs. *Modern.* By Heavens, I hate and deſpiſe him equal with my Husband. And as I was forced to marry the latter by the Commands of my Parents, ſo I was given up to the former by the intreaties of my Husband.

Mr. *Gaywit.* By the intreaties of your Husband!——

Mrs. *Modern.* Hell and his blacker Soul both know the Truth of what I ſay.——That he betrayed me firſt, and has ever ſince been the Pander of our Amour; to you my own Inclinations led me. Lord *Richly* has paid

paid for his Pleaſures, to you they have ſtill been free: He was my Husband's Choice, but you alone were mine.

Mr. *Gaywit.* And have you not complied with *Bellamant* too?

Mrs. *Modern.* Oh! blame not my Neceſſities. He is indeed that generous Creature you have ſpoke him.

Mr. *Gaywit.* And have you not betrayed this generous Creature to a Wretch?

Mrs. *Modern.* I ſee you know it all—By Heavens I have not: It was his own Jealouſy, not my Deſign; nay, he importuned me to have diſcovered Lord *Richly* in the ſame manner; Oh, think not any Hopes could have prevailed on me to blaſt my Fame. No Reward could make me amends for that Loſs. Thou ſhalt ſee by my Retirement I have a Soul too great to encounter Shame.

Mr. *Gaywit.* I will try to make that Retirement eaſy to you; and call me not ungrateful for attempting to diſcomfit your Husband's Purpoſe, and preſerve my Friend.

Mrs. *Modern.* I my ſelf will preſerve him; if my Husband purſues his Intentions, my Woman will ſwear that the Servant own'd he was hired to be a falſe Evidence againſt us.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Then ſince the Story is already publick, forgive this laſt Bluſh I am obliged to put you to.

Mrs. *Modern.* What do you mean?

Mr. *Gaywit.* Theſe Witneſſes muſt inform you.

SCENE XI.

Mr. Gaywit, *Mr.* Bellamant, *Mrs.* Bellamant, *Mrs.* Modern, Emilia, *Capt.* Merit.

Mrs. *Modern.* Diſtraction! Tortures!

Mr. *Gaywit.* I have with Difficulty brought my ſelf to give you this Shock, which nothing but the Preſervation of the beſt of Friends could have extorted; and which you ſhall be made amends for.

Mr. *Bella.* Be not ſhocked, Madam; it ſhall be your Husband's Fault, if you are farther uneaſy upon this Account.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Come, Madam, you may your ſelf reap a Benefit from what I have done, ſince it may prevent your being expoſed in another Place!

Mrs.

Mrs. *Modern*. All Places to me are equal, except this. (*Exit.*

Mrs. *Bella*. Her Misfortunes move my Compassion.

Mr. *Gaywit*. It is generous in you, Madam, to pity the Misfortunes of a Woman, whose Faults are more her Husband's than her own.

SCENE XII.

Lord Richly, *Mr.* Modern, *Mr.* Gaywit, *Mr.* Bellamant, *Mrs.* Bellamant, Emilia.

L. *Richly*. Mr. *Gaywit*, upon my Word, you have the most splendid Levée I have seen.

Mr. *Gaywit*. I am sorry, my Lord, you have increased it by one who should only grace the Keeper of *Newgate*'s Levée; a Fellow whose Company is scandalous to your Lordship, as it is odious to us all.

Mr. *Bella*. His Lordship is not the only Man who goes abroad with his Cuckold.

L. *Richly*. Methinks you have invited a Gentleman to a very scurvy Entertainment.

Mr. *Gaywit*. You'll know, my Lord, very shortly, wherefore he was invited, and how much you your self are obliged to his kind Endeavours; for would his Wife have consented to his Intreaties, this pretended Discovery had fallen on you, and you had supplied that Gentleman's Place.

L. *Richly*. A Discovery fallen on me!

Cap. *Merit*. Yes, my Lord, the whole Company are Witnesses to Mrs. *Modern*'s Confession of it; that he betrayed her to your Embraces with a Design to discover you in them.

Mr. *Modern*. My Lord, this is a base Design to ruin the humblest of your Creatures in your Lordship's Favour.

L. *Richly*. How it should have that Effect I know not; for I do not understand a Word of what this Gentleman means.

Mr. *Gaywit*. We shall convince your Lordship; in the mean time I must beg you to leave this Apartment; you may prosecute what Revenge you please, but at Law we shall dare to defy you. The Damages will not be very great, which are given to a voluntary Cuckold.

Emilia.

Emilia. Tho' I see not why; for it is surely as much a Robbery to take away a Picture unpaid for, from the Painter who would sell it, as from the Gentleman who would keep it.

Mr. *Modern.* You may have your Jest, Madam, but I will be paid severely for it; I shall have a Time of laughing in my Turn.

SCENE XIII.

Lord Richly, *Mr.* Gaywit, *Mr.* Bellamant, *Captain* Bellamant, *Lady* Charlotte, *Mrs.* Bellamant, Emilia.

Mr. *Gaywit.* He will find his Mistake, and our Conquest soon enough; and now, my Lord, I hope you will ratify that Consent you gave me this Morning, and compleat my Happiness with this Lady.

L. *Richly.* Truly, Nephew, you misunderstood me, if you imagined I promised any such thing: However, tho' you know I might insist on my Brother's Will; yet let Mr. *Bellamant* give his Daughter a Fortune equal to yours, and I shall not oppose it; and till then I shall not consent.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Hah!

Cap. *Bella.* I hope your Lordship has not determined to deny every Request; and therefore I may hope your Blessing. (*Kneels.*

L. *Richly.* What does this mean?

Cap. *Bella.* Lady *Charlotte*, my Lord, has given me this Right. Your Daughter —

L. *Richly.* What of her?

Cap. *Bella.* Is my Wife.

L. *Richly.* Your Wife!

Cap. *Bella.* Nay, if you will not give me your Blessing, you may let it alone: I would not kneel any longer to you, tho' you were the great Mogul.

L. *Richly.* Very well! this is your doing, Mr. *Bellamant*, or rather my own. Confusion! my Estate, my Title, and my Daughter, all contribute to aggrandize the Man I must hate, because he knows I would have wronged him! Well, Sirs! whatever Pleasures you may seem to take at my several Disappointments, I shall take very little Trouble to be revenged on any of you; be-

being heartily convinced, that in a few Months you will be ſo many mutual Plagues to one another.

SCENE *the laſt.*

Mr. Gaywit, *Mr.* Bellamant, *Captain* Bellamant, *Lady* Charlotte, *Mrs.* Bellamant, Emilia.

Mr. *Bella.* Methinks, I might have been conſulted on this Affair.

L. *Charl.* We had no time for Conſultation; our Amour has been of a very ſhort Date.

Capt. *Bella.* All our Love is to come, Lady *Charlotte.*

La. *Charl.* I expect a deal of Love after Marriage, or what I have bated you before it.

Capt. *Bella.* I never asked you the Queſtion till I was ſure of you.

La. *Charl.* Then you knew my Mind better than myſelf; for I never reſolved to have you, till I had you.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Now, my dear *Emilia,* there is no Bar in our way to Happineſs. Lady *Charlotte* has made my Lord's Conſent unneceſſary too: Your Father has already bleſſed me with his, and it is now in your Power to make me the happieſt of Mankind.

Emilia. I ſuppoſe, you follow my Brother's Method, and never ask till you are ſure of obtaining.

Mr. *Bella. Gaywit,* my Obligations to you are beyond my Power of repaying; and while I give you what you ask, I am ſtill heaping greater Favours on my ſelf.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Think not ſo, when you beſtow on me more than any Man can merit.

Mr. *Bella.* Then take the little all I have, and may you be as happy with her, as I am in theſe Arms; (*Embracing Mrs.* Bellamant.) whence the whole World ſhould never eſtrange me more.

Mrs. *Bella.* I am too happy in that Reſolution.

Mr. *Gaywit.* Lady *Charlotte!* I made a Promiſe this Day to your Father in your Favour; which I am reſolved to keep, tho' he hath broken his. I know, your good Nature and good Senſe will forgive a Fault which Love has made me commit——Love, which directs our inclinations in ſpight of equal and ſuperior Charms.

La.

La. Chart. No Excuſes, dear Sir, my Inclinations were as whimſical as yours.

Capt. Bella. You have fairly got the Start, Lady *Charlotte.*

Mr. *Gaywit.* My *Bellmant!* my Friend! my Father! What a Tranſport do I feel from the Proſpect of adding to your future Happineſs! Let us henceforth be one Family, and have no other Conteſt but to outvy in Love.

Mr. *Bella.* My Son! Oh! What Happineſs do I owe to thy Friendſhip, and may the Example of my late Misfortune warn thee to fly all ſuch Encounters; and ſince we are ſetting out together in the Road to Happineſs, take this Truth from an experienced Traveller.

However ſlight the Conſequence may prove,
Which waits unmarried Libertines in Love,
Be from all Vice divorc'd before you wed,
And bury Falſhood in the bridal Bed.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *HERON*.

IN dull Retirement e're I go to Grieve,
Ladies, I am return'd, to take my Leave:
Prudes, *I ſuppoſe, will, with their old good Nature,*
Shew their great Virtue, and condemn the Creature:
They fail not at th' Unfortunate to flout;
Not becauſe Naughty——but becauſe——found out.
Why, faith——if theſe Diſcoveries ſucceed,
Marriage will ſoon become a Trade, indeed!
This Trade, I'm ſure, will flouriſh in the Nation,
'Twill be eſteem'd below no Man of Faſhion,
To be a Member *of the*—Cuckold's Corporation!
What Int'reſt will be made! what mighty doing!
To be Directors *for the Year enſuing!*
And 'tis exceeding difficult to ſay,
Which end of this chaſte Town wou'd win the Day:
Oh! ſhould no Chance this Corporation *ſtop,*
Where ſhou'd we find one Houſe, without a Shop?
How wou'd a Wife hung out, draw Beaux *in Throngs!*
To hire your Dears, like Domino's, at Long's!
There wou'd be dainty Days! when every Ninny,
Might put them on *and* off——*for* half a Guinea!
Oh! to behold th' embroider'd Trader grin,
My Wife's at Home—Pray, Gentlemen, walk in!

Money

EPILOGUE.

Money alone Men will no more importune,
When ev'ry Beauty makes her Husband's Fortune!
While Juries *value Virtue at this Rate,*
Each Wife *is (when diſcover'd) an Eſtate!*
A Wife *with Gold, is mixing Gall with Honey,*
But here you loſe your Wife by what you get your Money.
And now, t'obey a dull Poetic Sentence,
In lonely Woods, I muſt purſue Repentance!
Ye Virgins pure, ye modeſt Matrons, lend
Attentive Ears to your departing Friend;
If Fame, unſpotted, be the Thing you drive at,
Be Virtuous, if you can, if not, be Private———
But hold!——Why ſhould I leave my Siſter-Sinners,
To dwell 'mongſt Innocents, or young Beginners?
Frailty *will better with the* Frail *go down;*
So hang the Stupid Bard!———I'll ſtay in Town.

FINIS.

BOOKS, POEMS, and PLAYS, Printed for, and Sold by GEORGE RISK, GEORGE EWING, and WILLIAM SMITH, Booksellers in *Dame's-street*.

THE History of the late Revolution of *Persia*, Price 4s. 6d.

Young's Works in 2 Vol. 5s. 5d.

Arbuthnot of Aliments, 2s. 2d.

The New Year's Gift 1s. 8d.

Thomson's Works, 2s. 8d.

Gil Blas, 2 Vol. 5s. 5d.

La Belle Assemblée, 3 Vol. 7s.

Clark's Catechism, 2s. 8d.

——— Essays 2s. 2d.

Miller's Gardiners Kalendar, 2s. 2d

Gee on Trade, 2s. 2d.

The Tryal of the Witnesses, 2s. 2d

Farquhar's Works, 2 Vol. 5s. 5d.

The Gentleman's Religion, 2s. 2d.

The History of the Devil, 3s. 3d.

Watts on Prayer, 1s. 1d.

——Pray'rs for Children, 1od.

The Modish Couple, a Comedy.

Sir *Isaac Newton*'s Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms Amended. 5s. 6d.

The Tatler, 4 Vol. 9s. 6d.

Lock on Education. A British Half-Crown.

Travels of *Cyrus*, 8vo. 4s.

——— 12mo. A British Half-crown.

Gracian's Hero, 2s. 2d.

Arabian Nights Entertainment, 4 Vol. 10s.

History of the Conquest of *Mexico*, by the *Spaniards*. 2 Vol. 7s. 7d.

Garth's Ovid, 2 Vol. 5s. 5d.

Ditto, Bound in One. 5s.

Ovid's Epistles, with his Amours. Translated into *English* Verse, by the most Eminent Hands, adorn'd with Cuts. 3s.

Ditto his Epistles with Cuts. 2s. 6d.

Blackmore on the Creation, 2s. 2d.

The thousand and one Days *Persian* Tales, translated from the *French*, by *Amb. Phillips*, Esq; in three Vol. 7s. 6d.